READ "THE BLACKLISTED MAN," COMPLETE IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER

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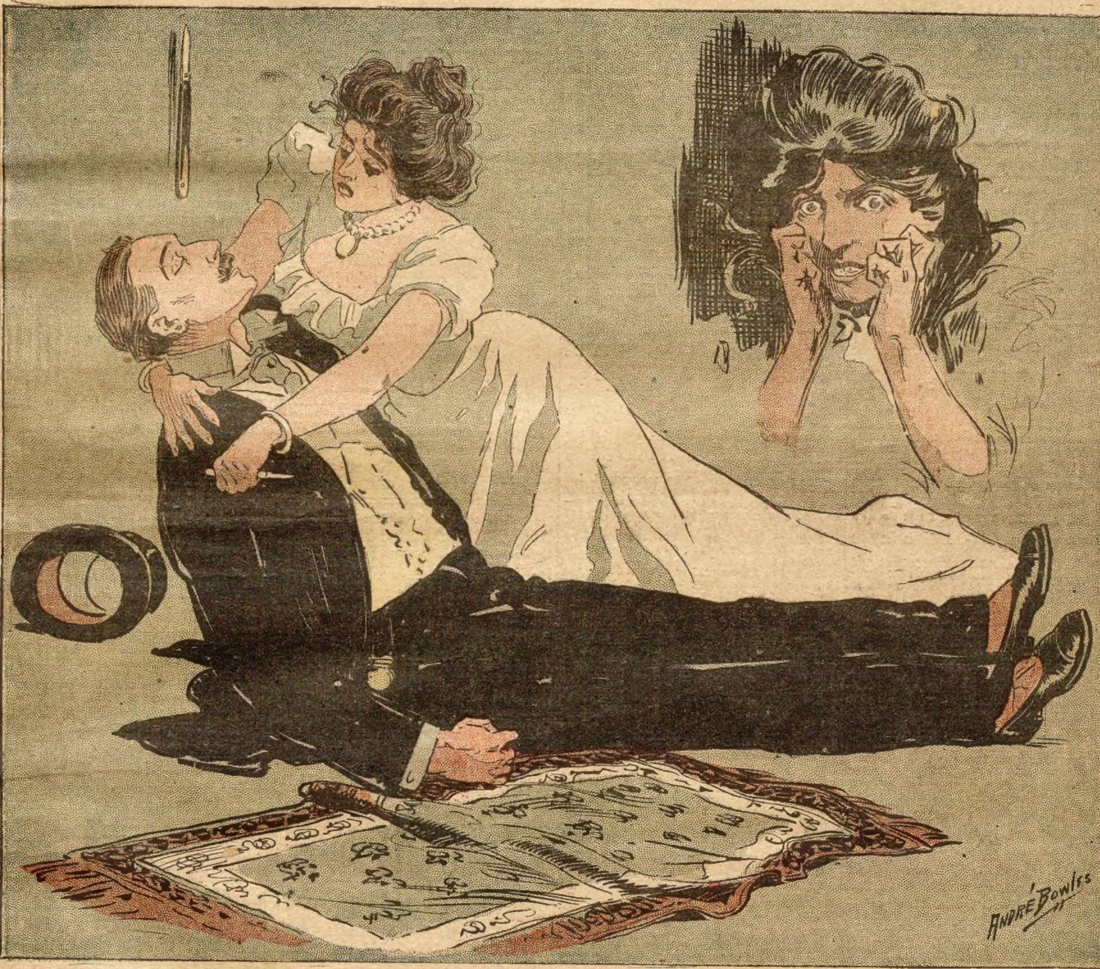

A DOCTOR'S FATAL LOVE.

By Clive Pemberton.

In a certain home for those of unsound mind—a palatial building, hidden from the eye of the curious in the midst of a lovely, fragrant, pine wood—a woman lives out her life in passive contentment, undisturbed by the emotions of joy or sorrow. She is still young; time, with his eager, inexorable scythe, has not yet graven one line on the fair, perfect face, and the rippling, abundant hair, like finely spun gold thread, holds not a single silver streak.

Through the long hours of the day the expression on that lovely face never changes from one of pensive sweetness and perfect contentment with a lot in reality painfully monotonous; but sometimes, when the still hours of the night,come, and merciful sleep has closed the eyes and brought repose to the tired, vacant minds of the asylum's inmates, a cry bursts forth from the woman as she tosses in dream-haunted sleep—a cry that echoes the memory of her tragedy. Yet she is no trouble to her guardians; the gentle pressure of the watchful attendant's hand on the fair countenance its habitual expression of happiness, and, when morning comes, the empty mind remembers nothing of the dream, and is again calm and untrammeled.

The tragic story of the woman who stands out from the rest of the asylum's unfortunates like a diamond among glass beads has long since been forgotten; but it is, perhaps, the strangest and most piteous that this world of sunshine and shadow has ever seen.

The name of the woman is Aida Mellerton, and she was just 25 years of age when she came to England from a far off Austrailian colony. Her father and her mother had died some nine monts before in the little town where she was born and had grown up in, and, only waiting until matters, financial and otherwise, were settled, she boarded the first steamer that left for England. With ample means and a beauty of peculiarly facinating quality, she was not long findng hosts of friends, despite the fact that she landed in England knowing nobody, and possesed of no kith and kin. Her wealth and beauty proved a master-key powerful enough to open any door, and ere three months had passed, she was launched in the swirl of London society by a lady of title to whom money was the begining and end of all things earthly.

The success of Aida was instantaneous and complete. Men raved over her beauty in clubs, and, wherever and whenever they came together, women discussed her in parlor and boudoir, and those to whom nature had been unkind envied her with the cold, bitter sneers that a beautiful woman always finds herself the target for. But the colonial beauty passed by sneers and flattery alike, with a cold, flashing indifference. The homage of men she looked upon as her right; the jealousy of women she found an endless source of amusement.

"You must marry well," said Lady Tewkesbury, already making mental calculations as to how much money her protegee's marriage wouldl put in her pocket. "With your lovely face, I think—yes, I am sure—we shall have no difficulty in securing you a title."

"Really?" Aida gave a little thrill of amusement as she ran over in her mind the various scions of noble houses she had seen—for the most part, feeble youths, enervated by fast living and the arduous task of "killing time." "So you think I am eager for that? My dear Lady Tewkesbury,put that out of your mind at once, please. When I marry"—she paused a moment, and a limpid light came into her splendid eyes—"I mean to marry a man. I have not seen a man yet!"

"Do you really mean that?" said her ladyship gravely.

"Certainly I mean it," replied Aida, flashing her a brilliant smile. "Don't you worry about me. When I see the man, I'll point him out to you, and then——" She broke off with an expressive little laugh, at which her ladyship nodded comprehensively.

A few nights later, at a large reception, Aida met the man who instantly struck a new note in her being. He was introduced to her as Professor Bruce Mellerton, and ere they had exchanged half a dozen sentences, she intuitively knew that he was the man to whom she was destined to join her life.

That night as she lay in bed staring into the darkness and conjuring up mental pictures, she wondered what it was about Bruce Mellerton that had so powerfully attracted her. It certainly was not a physical attraction, for the man was a hunchback. Perhaps it was his face—ugly, but powerful with the intellect that burned in the deep-set, gray eyes; for God, in His justice, had endowed the man with a giant intellect to compensate for a pitiful, stunted frame.

Curiously, too, he felt a new stirring of the emotions in the first moment of that meeting with Aida. He had battled through life alone, giving no thought to winning a woman to share his triumphs in the world of science; but, now, at the age of forty-five, he felt a mysterious moving of the chords within himself, responding to those in another. He found himself frequenting places and attending functions he would never have given even a passing thought to before he met her; and she—she read his feelings long before his cold, formal exterior unbent to the warmer bond of friendship.

There is little need to dwell upon this part of the story. Within six months of their first meeting Bruce Mellerton and Aida were man and wife, and went away from London into the wilds of Derbyshire to live their lives together—all in all to each other.

For two years that life was ideal. On his lovely young wife Bruce Mellerton lavished all the love his strong, hitherto unawakened nature was capable of; she, in her turn, was equally devoted to him, but less demonstrative in her manner of showing her affection.

It was in the beginning of their third married year that the first rift came. For some time Aida had complained of violent headaches, which utterly prostrated her and which had, on one occasion, spent itself in a hysterical fit of alarming violence. It distressed her husband greatly. For some time he had spent many hours in solitude, working at a series of lectures to be delivered in London, and, in consequence, Aida's distressing phase of health had escaped him, for she had never complained. He left his study one night—whither he had gone immediately after dinner—about eleven o'clock, and, to his surprise, found Aida on the sofa in the parlor.

"Aida! you still up!" he cried, shuffling into the room, with his usual ungainly tread. "My dear, why are you not in bed?"

He stepped sharply back as she suddenly sprang up, and, drawing herself to her full height, looked down on him with blazing eyes. She did not speak and he gently touched the bare, rounded arm.

"Aida!" he said softly, "are you ill?"

"What do you mean?" she cried, her usually musical voice sounding a shrill treble; "my head is bad—can I not do as I like?"

He stood silent for a moment—almost petrified with amazement.

"Aida—my dearest," he faltered, hurt and distressed at her manner, "what is the matter? What have I done that you should speak to me so—I, who had only one thought—your comfort and happiness?"

The strange passion died out of her face with the swiftness of a passing lightning-flash, and, suddenly stooping, she threw her arms about him and kissed him passionately—almost wildly.

"Forgive me, dear," she said, pressing her lips to his, "but my head feels so strange, and, for the moment, I did not quite know what I was doing."

He looked at her long and anxiously.

"You shall see a doctor before another day passes," he said firmly. "Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

"I did not want to worry you," she replied, regarding him with a slow, enigmatical smile. "You have so much to do—and why should you be worried with such a trivial matter as a—a headache? Come, let us retire? I shall be quite well in the morning."

She swayed slightly as she moved to the door, and, strangely perturbed, he followed her, soberly thoughtful, up the stairs. The following morning Aida awoke with her headache gone and all her full-spirited nature alive, but her husband held to his determination of the previous night, and immediately after breakfast went into the town and returned with the best doctor the primitive place boasted. With a little flash of pride which he could not restrain, the professor ushered the doctor into the presence of his wife, and, formally introducing him as "Doctor Murray Peploe," left them together.

There was little to hint of the tragedy fate held in the future for them that sunny morning. Aida quietly told the physician the trouble with her head, and he listened with professional attention and courtesy. Having put the usual questions, he took out his stethoscope and made a brief examination of her heart. She studied his face thoughtfully as he did so—the clear dark eyes and regular features impressing her favorably, and when he went away after a reassuring diagnosis, and she had the feeling that his next visit would not be unpleasant to her.

He came again the following day; again two days later; and then again and again on six separate occasions during the month. He was always genial always sympathetic, but quite professionally so—and she found a peculiar inclination to confide something to him—something she was beginning to feel stronger and stronger every day. She made up her wavering mind suddenly on the day that he announced his intention of not calling again.

"I don't think your headaches will return again, Mrs. Mellerton," he said slowly; "but if they do——"

"I shall ask you to come again," she interposed, as he hesitated. She looked at him strangely, then spoke again.

"Doctor Peploe, I have something to ask you—to consult you about." He had reached the door ere the hesitating words were quite spoken, but he turned sharply back, a foolish, insane idea flashing through his brain that she had read his carefully guarded secret.

"What is it, my dear Mrs. Mellerton?" he said softly. "You are troubled about something—I can see by your face that something has been worrying you for some time."

He sat down beside her, and, bending forward looked into her deep eyes. She twisted the rings on her fingers nervously.

"It is something about myself—my—health that I want to speak to you of," she went on gravely. "You will keep my confidence?"

"Need you ask?" he replied in a low voice. "I trust it will be in my power to remove the cause that is troubling you."

"It seems so foolish—so trivial now that I am about to speak of it," she said thoughtfully; "but the feeling grows stronger and stronger, and I can keep it to myself no longer. Doctor Peploe," she went on, with almost frantic haste, "three weeks ago I began to feel—a strange, inexplicable feeling of dislike for Bruce—my husband. Day by day it grew stronger and stronger, until now I feel that I almost hate him! Tell me what it means—tell me what it means, for Heaven's sake!"

She fixed her dilated eyes on his for a space, then turned and hid her face in her hands. And he—he sat there silent, battling with the myriad thoughts that coursed like fire through his brain. And, suddenly, like a blast of ice-cold air, the truth thundered on him, leaving him deathly sick. He knew now that the look in her eyes and the ever-changing emotions she had told him of were but the first outward signs of the madness which she had inherited from a tainted ancestry—and which was now burrowing into the hitherto healthy brain-cells.

Had the man been pure-minded and approached the discovery in the right way, a tragedy would have been averted and this story never written; but his baser passions leaped to the call—the smothered desires responded greedily to the chance offered, and he bent in cool deliberation upon the working of a scheme which had already begun to formulate in his mind during that fleeting space of time since she had spoken. And she—she, Heaven help her!—had no voice to tell her, no whisper to warn her of the perilous brink toward which she was helplessly drifting—as helpless as the fragment of wreckage on the tumbling surface of the ocean.

She turned at last, and, removing her hands from her face, looked at him.

"Aida," he said softly. "Aida!"

She started at the first sound of her name from his lips, then slowly—very slowly—she came toward him, a faint smile parting her lips. The next moment his arms were about her, and he was pouring the words into her ears.

"My love! My love!" he murmured, his words thrilling as he noted how passively she lay in his arms. "Do you not know—cannot you guess what has caused those feelings you have told me of? Cannot you tell yourself that it is because you love another—one who loves you too much for it not to be returned?"

She lay in his arms, her eyes smiling into his, her ears drinking in every word as they fell from his lips. And gradually, like the slow filtering of water through a resisting body, she began to realize that she loved this man whose strong arms held her so tightly, and whose eyes seemed to burn into her very soul. Yes, she loved him! She knew it now; she had loved him from the first moment she saw him—loved him only.

And her husband? A cunning look came into her face as she suddenly received a strange thought. She had told Murray Peploe that she hated her husband; she felt that she hated him, and yet—and yet she had loved him once. Or had she only imagined that she loved him? Was it possible that she ever could have loved that misshapen, ugly man—her husband?

That night commenced a new era in the lives of those two. The problem and study of the brain had fascinated the man from the commencement of his career, and he held theories—widely differing from other authorities—on the arrest and suspicion of incipient insanity where the subject is physicially perfect and organically sound. His theory was that a sudden shock—a stupendous sorrow or overwhelming joy—would arrest the decay of the brain-cells, and prevent the growth and development of complete insanity. And now, by a chance such as comes to a man only once in a lifetime, he had a subject. And apart from the professional zest, he loved the subject he purposed using as a test to his theory. If by a sudden shock—say the death of her husband—he could insure her reason and secure her for himself at the same time? They say that when a doctor turns criminal he is the most dangerous of all. Hitherto, the criminal instinct within Murray Peploe had never been aroused, but now, with the devil whispering a plan in his ear, he bent his faculties to the one thought—the removing of the obstacle to his desires.

Night after night he paced his room, thinking, thinking of a plan by which he could accomplish the two things—secure to the woman her reason and win her for himself. And fate—mysterious, paradoxical fate—swerved into the game and made the way easy. For the first time in his life Bruce Mellerton fell ill. It was only a trivial thing—a breaking down temporarily of the overworked nerves—but it came to Murray Peploe as in a flash that the solution was at hand, only waiting for him to put into execution. During long hours of soul-torturing agony, he battled against the temptation, and probably had there been the slightest risk, he would not have done it; but the aveune of safety was complete, and its completeness spelled Bruce Mellerton's doom.

* * * * * * * * *

He stood looking down on the man he had killed as surely as if he had driven a knife into his heart. It had been so simple—so terribly simple—that he could hardly realize quite that he had crossed the Rubicon and was branded with the mark of Cain. He had just made the tiniest incision with a slender surgical knife in the dead man's thigh, and without a struggle or a murmur, Bruce Mellerton's life had drained quickly away. For a space he stood silent, looking down on the still, placid face of the man whose life he had taken. He was safe—perfectly safe—he kept repeating to himself. If the whole college of surgeons examined the body, they would all unhesitatingly decide that Bruce Mellerton had died through the bursting of the small vein that is one of the main drains of the circulatory system. He moved to the door at last, turning the lamp out as he went, and forgetting the knife that lay on the small table by the bed.

Now for the second test—the greatest of all. Midway down the stairs he paused and listened. The faint strains of the piano in the parlor came trembling on the air toward him; then Aida's voice, singing a low, plaintive song.

Bracing up his nerves, he descended the stairs, and, turning the handle of the parlor door, entered the room.

She was seated at the piano, singing softly to herself and he was standing beside her before she turned her head and looked at him with a calm smile. His blood ran chill as he looked into her flashing eyes; madness looked out from their depths, plain now and unmistakable.

"Well!" she said, still letting her hands glide idly over the keys. "How is Bruce? Sleeping?"

"Yes," he replied, and his voice sounded strange and unreal in his own ears; "he is sleeping—very soundly!"

"He will sleep until morning?"

The moment had come; with his eyes full on hers, he said it.

"He will sleep forever, Aida," he said slowly. "He will never wake again. He is—dead!"

Her hands fell with a loud crash on the keys, and her eyes dilated until they seemed all lustrous pupil. For a long while there was silence, then she slowly looked at him and laughed softly. His blood froze as he looked at her smiling lips and heard her laughter.

"So you have killed him?" she said musingly; "I wondered if you would!"

She began to strike the notes of the piano with one finger at random, her head inclined and a low laugh escaping her now and again. And he—he stood rigid and horrified, watching and listening to her. Like the screaming of a thousand menacing, mocking voices it was crashing upon him that his experiment had failed—that her reason was already tottering, and would soon be gone forever. And he—he had blood on his hands! He could have screamed with the writhing agony of remorse and a sudden fear that had gripped him as she spoke. She knew he had killed Bruce Mellerton. Would she accuse him of it before everybody?

She suddenly sprang to her feet and faced him.

"I will go and see him," she said, gliding to the door. "I must see Bruce asleep," and as she went from the room he heard her laugh again. Up and down the softly lighted room he paced, his heart beating like a piston-rod, his hands clenched until the nails sank into the flesh. In the room above—the death-chamber now!—he heard a footstep cross the floor; then all was silent, save for his hoarse breathing.

The minutes flew by, but still the silence was unbroken. He could stay there alone no longer; he must follow her and see what she was doing.

With the stealth of a thief in the night he crept up the stairs, and stood at last outside the chamber door. His heart leaped as he heard a muttering within, and the nausea of horror seized him as she laughed—that terrible laugh that reflected a deranged mind. And, suddenly, with startling clearness, he heard her speaking as she crooned over the dead man.

"Bruce! My darling taken from me. That devil, Murray Peploe, has done it! And nobody will ever know."

His stoicism suddenly left him, and he fled from the sound of that muttering voice, and reached the parlor again. And there he sat waiting, while the minutes fled by, and no sound came to disturb the uncanny silence.

At last it was broken. He heard her cross the floor above; the door of the room was softly closed, and then she came into the room. She came straight up to him, and put her soft arms round his neck.

"He is dead, Murray," she said softly; "he will not be able to trouble us now. Aren't you glad?"

She was leaning over the back of his chair, and her eyes looked into his. They were almost sane at that moment, and for an instant a tremendous hope surged through him that he had been mistaken, after all, and that the shock had really restored her reason. He caught at the little jeweled hand that caressed his hair, and, as he did so, she withdrew her other arm, and there was silence between them for a space. Suddenly, with an awful feeling of impending doom that must have exceeded the agony of death itself, he realized that he could not move. Her arm encircled his neck in such a manner that he was as helpless as if he were bound by a steel band.

He looked up into her eyes and he knew then that he was doomed. They glared at him with the light of a million mad passions and ideas, and behind them all was the triumphant look of vengeance at hand, a recoiling of self upon self.

He felt her other arm move, then it swung round into his vision, and he saw that the tiny jeweled hand gripped his surgical knife, which he had left on the bed. For ten fearful seconds it quivered in the air above him, then, with relentless force and unswerving aim, it plunged into his neck, immediately over the jugular vein. A wild laugh leaped from her lips as she withdrew it, and flung it far from her, then silence fell in the room, save for the distant sounds of sudden alarm.

She was holding the dead man in her arms and crooning a song into his soundless ears when they burst the locked door and found her. The light of reason had fled forever from her eyes, and, in merciful contentment and forgetfulness, two days later they took her to her final home amid the pines.

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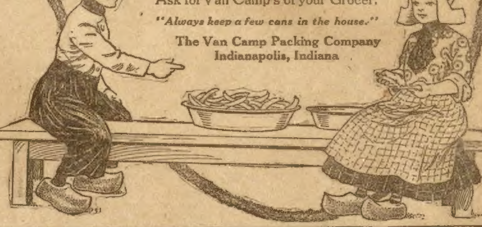

TWO FACES UNDER ONE HAT.

By H. E. SCOTT.

Author of "The Pretty Typewriters," "The Girl from Nacoupin," etc.

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CHAPTER X.

BEHIND THE BARS.

"What is this?" exclaimed Sheriff Root, a large, florid-faced, sandy-bearded man, who stood smoking his pipe in front of the courthouse as the two buggies drove up and halted before him. "Oh, you, Cleaver, and—why, how excited you look! What's up?"

"There has been a most damnable murder committed, Sheriff Root! The poor victim lies out at Sandy Run—Ned Driscol is guarding the body until the coroner arrives. Here is the murderer. He was caught in the very act. Take charge of him. You have seen him before. Mark Perry is his name."

"Murder? The Lord help us! And this lad is the murderer? Mark, I would not have believed it."

"You must not now, Sheriff Root. This man's charge is false. The murdered man was my dearest friend. On my way to town, where I expected to meet him, I found his lifeless body by the roadside, a bloody dirk-blade sheathed in his bosom. I was horror-stricken. I cried for help and withdrew it. Caleb Marsh and the constable, who, it seems, were coming behind me, heard my cry, and hastening forward, found me standing over the body of my friend with the fatal dirk in my hand.

"The murderer might have been found, but Ben Cleaver would search no further, neither would he permit me to do so. The assassin may now be many miles away. Oh, let no more time be lost, Sheriff Root! Send out your deputies and let them search far and near, and God grant that they may be successful! My life, Sheriff Root, hangs upon your action!"

"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Mark Perry didn't tell you, sheriff, that Philip Baily, the murdered man, had ten thousand dollars in cash on his person when the fatal blow was struck, that Baily's pockets were turned wrong side out, his watch torn from his vest—that robbery was evidently the motive."

"Worse and worse! And this money you found in Mark's possession? Oh, Mark! I never hung a man in my life, and to think that the first must be one I knew as a boy!"

"That money is not in my possession, Sheriff Root. The murderer has it, wherever he is. Ben Cleaver refused to search me."

"Of what use would it have been?" said Caleb. "A blow was first struck with a bludgeon, sheriff—it lies by the side of the body. Baily was knocked senseless, and then the body was rifled, the money and other valuables secreted. Driscol may have discovered them by this time. For fear that the blow with the bludgeon had not been fatal, the dirk was buried in the victim's heart. Show the sheriff the weapon, Cleaver."

Cleaver held up the dirk.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the sheriff, "and you think the evidence conclusive?"

"Why, no one aside from Mark Perry and myself knew that Baily would reach here today with the money to take up my mortgages on Elwood," said Caleb. "Mark told me on yesterday that he would reach here on the five o'clock train from Chicago. And yet, at half after three Philip Baily was a dead man. Cleaver and I heard his last cry. Cleaver has a discerning ear; he recognized that fact. We hastened forward from the creek where my horse was drinking. You know the rest."

"There is no time for speculation, Sheriff Root," observed the doctor. "All the situations were undoubtedly as related by Mr. Marsh and the officer. I arrived on the scene later. I examined the dead body and can safely state that life had been extinct for some minutes. The circumstances look bad for the prisoner in custody and in his behalf I ask that you send out your deputies and have the section scoured for suspicious characters without delay. Telegraph to stations on the road! Ten thousand dollars is no small sum, and he who has it may be betrayed by it."

"Yes," observed Caleb, "Mark may have had an accomplice and that accomplice may have fled with the money. There is no question as to who struck the blow."

"Oh, sheriff! In God's name, act at once. Place me where you will, but lose no time! See, there is blood upon my hands and clothing—the blood of Philip Baily! As God is my witness, it was not shed by me!"

"I will not lose a minute, Mark. I was dumfounded over the affair. You my be guilty, but I am free to say I doubt it. Marks! Cleary!"

Two deputies emerged from the courthouse.

"Take saddle horses and ride at once to Sandy Run! You will find there the body of a murdered man. Stay! Get a third horse for Ben Cleaver. The coroner will follow you. You are to look for clews and search the county for suspicious characters. You will know what to do, but be quick! This boy's life is in danger!"

"Mark Perry!" exclaimed both Marks and Cleary, who had recognized him.

"Yes, friends," sobbed Mark, "but go, go! The life of an innocent man depends on your ability to ferret out the murderer of my dear friend."

"You will send the coroner out, sheriff?" asked Cleaver, as the three men turned away.

"At once and use the telegraph wires. Come, Mark, I must be at the depot when the train arrives. I shall have barely time."

"Where, sheriff?"

"To jail, lad, to jail! I have no discretion in this matter."

Mark's face worked convulsively as he gasped: "Jail! Jail!"

"Come, be brave, Mark," said the doctor. Under the charge of murder you could expect nothing else; bail would not be admissible. But rest assured that I am your friend. I have faith in your innocence, and will leave no stone unturned to establish it. Go bravely; there is no telling what a few hours may bring forth."

"God bless you, doctor, for your faith in me! If ever man needed a friend I need one now. May I ask you to telegraph Martin Horton? You will know what to say. Here is the firm's card. Mr. Horton will come at once. Poor, poor man! and to find me in a felon's cell, charged with his partner's murder!"

"I will telegraph him at once, Mark."

"And, and—oh, God! must it be? Will you call at Elwood and tell my betrothed and her father? Tell them——"

"I shall know what to tell them, Mark, and they will believe in your integrity. I will see you at the latest in the morning. Good-by," and the doctor was gone.

"I also will call there," said Caleb, "and I will make it as favorable for you as I can. Your tale may be true, after all; but you looked so guilty, as you stood there with that bloody knife in your hand, that I was naturally impressed with the belief that you alone committed the murder. Cleaver thought the same; but there is no man, no, not one in Lundy County, that was more glad of your success, since you left Coulton, than I. I was downright proud of you, and I hope you will come out all right. In fact, now that I am getting over the excitement, I begin to think that your tale is true.

"Bright prospects before you, and engaged to be married to a lovely girl! No, I can scarce believe you guilty. And yet, the circumstances and evidence will condemn you, unless—there, I hear the whistle of a locomotive! The train is coming. Good-by, and remember, I am your friend, if you are innocent of this crime. I will spend money to clear you, if I am convinced.

"Behind the bars!" muttered Caleb, as he entered his buggy, and there was a peculiar gleam from his gray eyes, as he drove away.

"Come, I must make that train," said the sheriff and, with Mark, he hastily passed through the courthouse to the jail, a small brick structure directly back of it, and whose doors were seldom closed on a prisoner.

"Dobbins!" he called out.

"Here I am, sir," and the jailer, a short, corpulent, little chap, turned the corner of the jail.

"Lock this young man up! He's charged with murder. Be quick! I'm off for the depot."

The ponderous key turned in the lock and the iron door swung open.

Mark entered the jail with a groan, as the sheriff hastened away.

"Don't be down-hearted, young fellow," said Dobbins; "you don't look like a man who would do a murder, and if you are innocent you will soon be clear. You will have the lock-up all to yourself; there ain't but one room. There's a bench, and I will bring you a pair of blankets and your supper after awhile.

"Will you kindly bring me some water?" asked Mark.

"Yes, sure I will. If I am county jailer, I ain't a bad one. But, Lord! there's blood on you—blood! The worst evidence in the world is blood. Who would have believed it? Blood, blood! The blood of a murdered man on a prisoner's clothing is what Judge Daws calls 'primafacia evidence.' I hope you can make a case of self-defense out of it. I do, sure. There's no doubt you killed the man. I could almost swear it now."

"Man! Man! You will drive me mad! Will you bring me the water?"

"Yes, I will bring it; but it's no good washing the blood off now. It's too late, the blood's in evidence, as it were, already. I am mighty skeered there's a hemp noose ahead of you. I wouldn't be in your place for a million!"

With this consoling remark, Dobbins closed and locked the door.

With a moan of anguish, Mark threw himself on the bench. "In two short hours, plunged from happiness to despair! Philip Baily brutally murdered! The hope of paying off the mortgages on Elwood a thing of the past and I here in Lundy County Jail with overwhelming evidence against me! Oh, Kate, my love, you will soon be looking for my return; but instead will come a message—oh, God—such a message! My broken-hearted love, will you—no, no, though a thousand tongues condemn me, yet will not my betrothed.

"Her father? No, I will not believe it! But the mortgages unpaid—Elwood, yet within the clutch of Caleb Marsh! Kate, Kate, are you lost to me forever? My love! Oh, God, what have I to do with love, with the halter hanging over me? And yet, Mr. Horton will be here tomorrow. He cannot believe me the murderer of Philip Baily. Impossible! But the evidence of Cleaver and Marsh? There I stood, with the accursed weapon in my hand! The wretch who perpetrated the crime must have heard me coming and fled at my approach.

"Was ever an innocent man more apparently guilty than am I? Cleaver and Marsh will testify that the voice crying 'help' was that of Philip Baily; that they caught me in the very act of withdrawing the bloody weapon from my old friend's breast. Cleaver has no doubt of my guilt, and Marsh, Caleb Marsh, now seems to half believe I told the truth, but his evidence will condemn me. Why, the very jailer states that he could swear to my guilt!

"God grant that the efforts of Doctor Doan and the sheriff be not in vain, for to all appearances I am a murderer!"

The last four words in his despair Mark fairly wailed forth, as he leaped to his feet.

"Fool, you have signed your own death warrant, if it was not signed before!" exclaimed the jailer, as he threw open the door. "I heard you cry out in despair, 'I am a murderer!' Those words will hang you, without doubt. You are a self-confessed murderer! Stand back, stand back! Rush towards me and I will shoot you down! There is a bucket of water, and there a basin and tin cup in that corner. You have sealed your own doom. Keep back, keep back!"

"Oh, man, man!" groaned Mark, "you heard not all the words I uttered in my agony."

"I heard enough—quite enough to do for you, and it's evidence, competent evidence!"

"Unfortunate wretch, that I am! The words I uttered were: 'To all appearances I am a murderer.' Did you not hear the first words of the sentence?"

"Too late for amendments now, you bloody criminal! I was at first deceived by your seeming grief. I know you now—guilt is written all over you."

"Monster! leave me!"

"Oh, I'll leave you fast enough," said the jailer as he backed towards the door.

Having reached it, he swung it open and glanced hastily out. "Look here," he said quickly, "I am a poor man. Money is a power. Have you been searched?"

"No, no," said Mark, "do you wish to search me?"

"Not I. The sheriff will probably do that later; but if you have not been searched, you have money."

"Money? Well, yes; but what do you mean?"

"Mean? Don't I say that I am a poor man and that money is power? How much did you rifle the body of?"

"Fiend!" exclaimed Mark. "I am an innocent man! The murdered man was my friend. I would have died willingly could I have but saved his life! I had over six hundred dollars in my pocket when with a joyous heart beating in my bosom I left Elwood expecting to meet him in Coulton."

"Six hundred dollars? It was a good haul, a good haul; but you are in limbo. It will never do you any good. Now whist! Look here, you are young yet, and what you want is freedom. After the inquest is over and you are held by the jury I will get orders to keep you in irons, at least put shackles on your legs. There will be no chance then. If you are ever a free man again it must be tonight. Now I will be fair with you, I won't take all—for five hundred dollars I will fix a way for you to escape tonight.

"With the hundred you have left you can get out of the country in fine shape. I will furnish you with a disguise. It must be at midnight."

"Infamous scoundrel! You, the county jailer, make that proposition to an innocent man? I shall inform the sheriff of your treachery—I would die first!"

"Die then, and on the the gallows! As for your informing the sheriff—am I dumb? I will say you lie and that you offered me every dollar in your possession if I would let you escape at midnight. I am no novice in this business, young fellow, and I alone can save your life."

"I loathe and despise you and some day I shall hold you to account for your insults."

"Hold me to account? Fool! Within three months your lifeless body will be dangling from the gibbet! Do you think I would have made you that proposition if there was a single chance for your escape? Don't you know that my evidence alone will hang you?"

"I will denounce you in open court!"

"Denounce and be damned! That for your denouncing!" and Dobbins snapped his fingers viciously.

"Well, your words on me are wasted. Even now the real criminal may have been apprehended. If otherwise, conscious of

(Continued on page six.)

CHILDREN SHOWED IT

Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the schoolroom because of nervousness.

"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum Food Coffee, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children.'

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a fact.

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes and it tasted so flat that I was in despair but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich delicious flavor. In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the schoolroom with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nerve-destroying regular coffee for any money."

"There's a Reason." Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Too Wet.

The crew of a certain life-saving station on the New England coast has had little to do of late because of the rarity of wrecks in that immediate vicinity. Nevertheless, the crew had in the past frequently proved its bravery and efficiency.

The practice drills of the crew last summer drew much satirical comment from the people at the summer resorts nearby, who looked upon such practice as an entertainment devised for their especial amusement.

One rainy day, at the appointed time, the crew failed to appear at practice. The summer boarders on the veranda of the hotel waited in vain for the exhibition which should vary the monotony of a dull day. Finally one of them went over to the quarters of the crew to learn the reason.

"Aren't you going to practice today?" asked he.

"Not today, sir."

"Why not?"

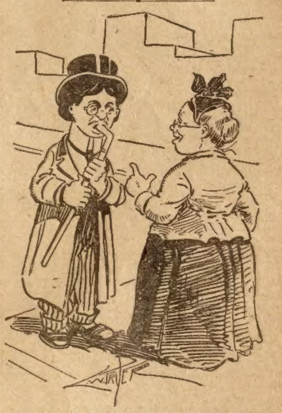
Then the brave life-saver, hero of many rough seas in the past, made an explanatory gesture toward the sky, and said:

"What, in this rain?"

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.



Mr. Deerboye—I'm a little anxious about my wife. She started out early this morning hunting for a vacant flat!

Mrs. Oldside—Oh! I wouldn't worry; she'll find you bye and bye.

A Dainty Little Maid.

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

By
WILLIAM H. MANNING.

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Or
THE HAWK OF THE FURLAND.

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CHAPTER XIII.
TREACHERY.

It was a seemingly small circumstance which awakened Roger's suspicions. The message said that the Express commander would wait for the Oakley contingent. Severn had never heard of a brigade of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company delaying its onward course for an outsider, and, moreover, it was well understood that the Oakley brigade, on each and every journey, must keep up with its leader or not have its companionship. No obligations rested on the Express.

The servants of the Imperial Company were supposed to loiter for neither storm, stress nor man.

Severn read the message through more than once, and with careful meditation. It was in favor of its reliability that no word from Alexis Michel had been found on the point After all, the whole matter might be open and aboveboard.

Due thought led him to decide that, in any case, he must learn whether his other boat was cast away as alleged. He returned to his followers.

"Who knows where Spur Island is?" he asked.

"I do," replied Baptiste Proue.

"And where is it?"

"Half a mile from where we were driven ashore."

Roger read the message aloud, covertly watching Korway as he did so. That person was impassive. Gouin and the other voyageurs who were open to doubt gave no sign of duplicity, but there were plenty of comments on Michel's alleged mishap that seemed innocent and natural.

Really, there was no choice. Union with the second boat was imperative, and it must be learned whether Alexis was cast away as the message said. Severn reentered the boat, its bow was turned south, and then the return was begun.

The voyageurs still talked about Alexis Michel's mishap, and Korway added an occasional remark, but Roger said nothing. Necessity drove him back to the relief of his comrades, but his heart was not in the work.

He could not banish the fear that something was wrong.

Filled with these doubts he meditated on the message, and now and then gave a secret look at Korway. He might as well have tried to read a sphinx. Whatever his failings, that man was usually master of his expression.

The day was well spent when Baptiste Proue pointed ahead and announced that Spur Island was in view. It was higher than the average of the islands in Lake of the Woods, and rough and unsightly. Being somewhat off the way usually taken by boats, it was new land to all the voyageurs except Baptiste—if they told the truth.

A rocky, serrated ridge extended along the west side, yet it was there that Baptiste advised landing. A miniature harbor could be found by doing as he suggested, and it was the only good place of going ashore.

Roger's fears did not abate at sight of the island. Where were the wrecked men? Why was there no sign from them? True, view was obstructed by the ridge, but he would have expected that some sort of a signal would be flying on an elevated point, and that men would be near it, watching for relief.

Oppressed by these growing doubts, the partisan did not change his plans. The search must be made. Possibly Alexis had found a way of leaving the island, and some message might be discovered there making all plain.

As they neared the land and Roger surveyed his dubious crew, the fear increased in his mind that this opportunity—when he was ashore—might be seized to make open rebellion. Perhaps an attack would follow. He decided to block this possibility.

"Only one man is needed with me," the partisan quietly said. "Korway, you have a quick eye. Will you go with me?"

He expected demur, but Peter rose with alacrity.

"At your service," he replied readily. "Maybe packing will be in order, and you all know how cunning I am with the tumpline."

The jest brought forth a general laugh, and Peter himself smiled as if his mind was as sunny as the day.

"We will not be gone long," added Roger. "Baptiste, keep her where she is, and be ready to spread the sail anew."

He leaped to land. Korway followed.

"A pretty bit of tangle," said Peter lightly. "Rock, bush, tree, gully and uplift. Here's a chance to show what we can do at climbing. Two to one I beat you going up, partisan!"

"We will make our race when we are down, and let the boat do it. Still, I am willing to make good speed."

They ascended with no great difficulty, but found their view still cut off. A second ridge lay parallel with the first, and the main part of the island was still invisible. They crossed the intervening depression, and the view was gained. Two-thirds of the land lay revealed to sight, and the eastern shore was wholly open to examination.

Nothing was to be seen of Alexis and his men.

"Well, they are not very active," remarked Korway.

"Can they have got away?" asked Roger, unconsciously thinking aloud.

"It is possible, but there is ground to the north that we can't see, and, Baptiste to the contrary, it seems to me there is a little bay there."

"I don't detect it. A cape puts out there, but the presence of a bay is doubtful. Still, we must see to it. We will walk that way."

"Suppose you take one ridge and I the other?"

This was something Severn would not consent to—he intended to keep Peter close to himself.

"We have a good view from here," he responded. "Let us go as we are Do you look west and I will scan the east slope."

They went on rapidly Roger watched keenly for signs of the alleged castaways. Once, while doing this, he chanced to turn suddenly and look at his companion. Peter was gazing to the right and left, and certainly was on the alert, but his expression startled the partisan. It was a crafty, speculative, unwholesome expression, and suggestive of something smacking of mischief.

After that he kept close to his associate. Once he directed Peter to bear nearer to him, and was rewarded by a quick glance that was followed by a ready smile.

A few rods farther they went, and then, as Roger surveyed the eastern shore, there was a sudden crash, a rumbling, tearing sound, and he wheeled about Korway was invisible.

Severn ran to where he had last seen him.

At that point the ridge ended in a sheer descent of fifteen feet. The upper edge had broken away, and Korway lay at the foot, floundering in a mass of earth and bushes that had gone down with him. While the partisan looked to see if serious harm had resulted Peter regained his feet and looked up. He smiled grimly.

"If I die with a broken neck a fall on this island will not cause it," he called out cheerfully. "That has been proved."

"Are you unhurt?"

"Sound as rock. Keep away from the brink—it was going too near that dropped me down. That edge is treacherous."

"Can you climb up?"

"Couldn't do it if I were a cat. The earth won't hold. I shall have to keep along here until we reach a better place."

Roger did not demur. Believing that he could watch Korway in the depression, he accepted the situation and they went on. Ten rods farther a pillar-like rock and mass of thick bushes barred Roger's way. He made a circuit as quickly as the brush would permit, came again to the verge and looked for Peter.

That person was not visible.

Severn glanced both ways. The way was open enough, but seemed to be wholly alone. He grew alarmed.

"Korway!" he shouted.

There was no reply. The wind moaned and swept the ridge, and this was the only sound.

Again apprehensions of treachery assailed the partisan, and he gazed swiftly around him. He saw neither Peter nor Alexis, and the other ridge shut off view of the boat.

For a moment he meditated leaping into the chasm, but it had grown deeper, being all of twenty feet, and at the foot was a bed of ugly pointed rocks. Instead, he ran along the edge a dozen rods until a safer place was found. This done, he descended hurriedly.

Previously he had noticed vaguely that there was a correspondingly steep cliff on the opposite side. It rose defiantly now. Still, it must be climbed—he must have sight of the boat without delay.

Selecting the most promising spot he could see he began to climb with almost frantic haste. He relied mainly on projections of stone, but these proved to be brittle and crumbled under his touch. Twenty feet he had to rise. When he was at the top he stood surprised.

Right there the ridge was cut to the level by a gap which intersected it diagonally. If he had gone a few rods farther before climbing he could have had a smooth, easy course.

This occurred to him—and something more. Korway had disappeared mysteriously. Had he made use of this gap?

The walls of the intersection were dangerously steep, but lined with bushes Roger caught at these, lowered himself recklessly, reached the foot and then ran swiftly toward the beach. It was not far to go. He soon emerged from cover and was where he could see all the shore and a wide stretch of lake.

He saw something more. His own boat was afloat, and receding from land with the sail set and bellying widely. The craft was rapidly receding from land. More than this, Peter Korway was in the boat and sitting in the steersman's position.

It had been no groundless fear of Severn's that treachery was afoot. He was deserted on the island.

CHAPTER XIV.
KORWAY TAKES COMMAND.

Those whom Severn had left in the boat had experienced unusual fortunes. Not long had Roger and Korway been gone when the craft commenced rocking violently, the water heaved strongly, and a keen gust of wind swept down upon them. This called attention to the sky, and each voyageur realized that a squall was impending.

Their orders were to stay in the boat, and they stayed, but its motion increased every instant and grew dangerous. The oars were used to keep her off the beach, but even this device bade fair to fail presently. There was danger in that ever-increasing wind that came tearing over the lake.

Long the waiting party scanned the summit of the ridge.

"Why don't they come back?" David Ridley asked anxiously.

"Either they come soon or we shall be flung after them!" declared Baptiste Proue almost as seriously. "We can't long keep off the beach."

Just then a fiercer gust swept upon them, and the boat was forced into water so shallow that she almost touched bottom.

"Pole hard!" shouted Baptiste. "Keep her afloat! What are we to do, anyhow?"

"Why don't they come?" repeated David.

"Look!" directed Moise Deroux.

The action of the wind and waves had forced the craft northward until it lay opposite to where a gap appeared in the stretch of the ridge. Now, through this gap a man came running swiftly. It was Peter Korway. He dashed across the beach, plunged into the water and gained the spot where the boat was heaving against the poles. Then he leaped within, planted himself in the steerman's seat and laid hold of the rudder lever.

He was panting, and appeared to be wholly out of breath.

"Get away or you will be wrecked!" he ordered. "Captain Severn bids you sheer off coast and run with the wind. You are to take him up on the leeward side of yonder cape."

He pointed to the tongue of land at the northern end of the island.

Louis Gouin and several of the other voyageurs made ready to go, but Baptiste Proue and Louis Chardonnais sat idle and looked at David for orders.

"If we are to put off," cried Helen excitedly, "why does not Captain Severn come with you?"

"He could not get here in time," replied Korway smoothly.

"Then why does he not appear and give his own orders?"

"Unfortunately, Master Campbell," responded Peter, with seeming frankness, "he is cut off by a deep chasm—far worse than that yonder. He can't get here in time to save the boat from the squall, but he can get to the cape. Quick, men!—pole hard, or we shall be swamped. The freight must not be thrown into the water. Every piece would be lost."

There had, indeed, been a narrow escape from the mishap he mentioned, and the case was critical.

Helen and David looked at the ridge and prayed for Roger's return. They feared a trap, they feared treachery black and foul; and yet all of Peter's statements looked reasonable, and the need of putting off was imperative.

A new wave came tumbling in-shore and Helen, taken off her guard, was nearly cast into the water. Michel Pera caught her by the arm, and at the same moment Barbe, who was unusually excited, fixed his teeth in her coat and pulled hard. Between man and dog, and her own exertions, she was brought back safely, but this mishap decided David.

Wreck must not be made there.

"Go!" he directed briefly.

He did not see how a sail was to be used then, for the wind was strong, but he was a landsman. This gust was not like that which had lashed Lake of the Woods two days before, and these bronzed voyageurs knew how to carry canvas under difficulties.

In a very short time the boat was speeding up-shore like a frightened bird, the men watching over her carefully and Peter Korway steering with a practiced hand. The size of the island enabled them to reach a point off the promontory in short order, and then Helen and David looked hard for Roger Severn.

Korway brought the boat around the point skillfully, and, as they passed the pines that timbered the region, they had, at last, view of the very place where the partisan would naturally be looked for as he waited for them.

But he was not there.

Something else was. As they came around the wind caught them with additional force and the boat heeled so far over that even the voyageurs shifted with some uneasiness. Only Peter was calm. He did not even look at the sail, though sail and mast were alike endangered; but steered with as much composure as if the lake was a rippling pond.

Under his hand they went shooting away from land.

"Stop, stop!" shouted David wildly.

"We can't!" returned Korway steadily.

"But Severn, man, Severn!"

"We will pick him up soon."

"I tell you to do it now. Down with that sail, put back and get our leader!"

"We can't. No boat can ride against this wind. We should be swamped."

Helen had been silent. Once she made a motion to draw her pistol, and her hand remained on the weapon, but she was not sure of her position. She had sailed in storms before then, but this emergency was new to her, and she was deeply sensible of the fact that they were already in peril, and would be worse off if they tried to make land.

She glanced at Baptiste Proue but he shook his head gloomily. He did not like the looks of matters, and, hot-blooded and loyal, he would, at a word from Helen or David, have drawn his weapons and fought the opposition even in that heavy craft; but that was all he saw the way clear to do.

The point could not be made then. He realized that fact. And his sober signal said as much to Helen and David.

Fate had turned strangely against Roger Severn. Suspicious from the first, he had shown his sagacity and prudence by keeping Korway with him when he went ashore. That seemed to insure his success, but fate played its game and threw every chance in Korway's favor.

His fall from the top of the cliff had been a genuine accident, but it changed everything there. He knew the island and knew of the diagonal gap in the outer ridge. He thought of it, used it and slipped from Roger's sight. Even then, only the squall enabled him to carry out his suddenly-conceived scheme. They had to get away, and they went.

Truly, fate had been unkind to Roger.

And, as the boat went driving down the lake, he stood on the high land and impotently watched it go—watched it go with Helen and the treasure!

To say that each moment increased the distance would be to express the facts feebly. Impelled by a wind that seemed never to lessen its force, the boat flew through the water and reeled off knot after knot until the island was far away.

Peter Korway had his time of triumph, and he enjoyed it more than anybody there knew, but he veiled his feelings and acted better than ever before. When certain that there was to be no new call for an immediate landing, he branched out into the ready friend and sympathizer. Explaining that they must run before the wind while it lasted, he was full of allusions to their approaching task of rescuing Severn.

He dwelt upon this so earnestly and naturally that even those most prejudiced against him were staggered in their unbelief.

Could it be he really meant them well?

Beset by the squall and worried by worse matters, there were those in the craft who had taken no note of the passage of time, but their attention was finally drawn to the point imperatively.

"It is growing dark," exclaimed David.

"So it seems," agreed Peter with gravity.

"What are we to do?"

"Well, if we keep on we shall go to ruin. We must land on some island and wait it out."

"Is it not possible to get back to where Severn is? The wind blows less."

"I think you are wrong as to that, Mr. Dow. Stay!—I really think it does blow a bit less powerfully."

"Then let us go to Severn."

"What! against these waves? Look at them!"

David looked and fell silent. Anxious as he was to have the partisan with them, he did not want to face that turbulent water.

"We couldn't do it," said Baptiste in an undertone.

"Voyageurs," pursued Korway, "do any of you know a good island for us to camp on about here?"

Gouin studied his master's face with doubt in his expression.

"There is an island over yonder a little ways," he replied hesitatingly.

"Then we will try to make it. Shall we not, Mr. Dow? It is for you to say."

"The sooner we camp, the better," answered David.

"Then we will go ashore quickly."

They ran on awhile longer and land appeared on the leeward side.

"I wonder if there is a safe harbor?" said Korway, peering ahead as if anxious about the matter.

"That is not the direction in which Gouin pointed," reminded David.

"Any port in a storm," replied Peter.

There was no necessity for him to study the shore. He knew the island as a child knows its playground, and had all this while been steering for it, but he had his pretenses to make, and he continued to peer ahead and seem to seek for signs.

It would not do for him to know the lake too well.

Presently they were near a crescent-shaped bay, and he ran in and brought the boat safely to land. It was an ideal spot. Largely protected from the wind, there was no need to fear for the craft, and the thick growth of pines and willows made the refuge agreeable, in spite of the now deepening darkness.

But, as they were landing, Baptiste Proue touched David's arm.

"This place," he whispered, "is out of the

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usual course taken by the canoe brigades."

"What," asked David hastily, "do you make of this case?"

"Nothing! Watch!" returned Baptiste softly.

"What about Severn?"

"I don't know."

"Can we get back easily from here?"

"Why not, if we try? I don't know this part of the lake, and we may be almost anywhere, but we can go back as we came —if we start."

"You doubt Korway!"

"I do. Keep your weapons ready."

These words had been hurriedly said. No more could be added without attracting attention to their secret conference, and they did not want to do this.

Camp was pitched under the pines. The voyageurs laughed and jested as usual, and Baptiste was not behind his fellows in the appearance of jollity. Yet, as they sat down to eat of pemmican and drink of tea there was a spirit loose that presaged ill for the future.

Korway had seated himself by Francois Lasure.

"I want to speak with you after supper," he whispered anon.

"We do not go away then?" asked Francois.

"Some of us," Peter replied, "my stay here through eternity!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE STRICKEN CAMP.

The wind had abated largely and there was reason to hope that the squall was about over, but Lake of the Woods was still vexed by the unwelcome wooer that had torn at its placid face and stirred its depths. Until the waves subsided it would be impossible to go back to rescue Roger Severn from Spur Island.

Peter Korway had said so, and the voyageurs agreed with him. Even Helen and David, anxious as they were, had to admit the impossibility of facing the driving billows with safety. They did not confess what they thought to Peter, but, standing near the water's edge, after supper, they watched the successive rollers thunder on the shore and did not consider the advisability of demanding such action from the men.

"I fear," added David, after a time given to discussion, "that we shall have to wait until morning."

"What will happen to the partisan?" asked the girl anxiously.

"Severn will be all right."

Helen sighed and was silent.

"It is ourselves I think of now," pursued David; "ourselves and a certain inland piece."

"Unlucky treasure!"

"But it is your all, child."

"Better that it should be lost than saved at great cost. Money is not all. When the partisan comes—if he does come—I shall ask him to throw the treasure to those who hunger for it like famished dogs, and himself and his honest men to save themselves while they can."

"Useless, useless! Severn is not the kind to turn his back on duty because danger frowns. Nor am I!" added the agent stoutly. "Well do I remember the past. Asa Bardell toiled hard and long for the money we carry. He braved the dangers of the wild places and suffered from heat and cold. His will was that you should have this treasure, and you shall have it or—or my bones lie in this north-land!"

"David, David, old friend, do not feel so intensely. Your loyalty is certain and noble, and it is grateful to me, but your life is worth more than money."

"My life is not worth a shilling if we fail in this. Fail? We will not fail! The treasure goes through!"

Again Helen sighed, but she made no reply.

"Enough of this," added David. "We may be overheard. Where are the men? I do not see them all."

"Korway and Lasure walked away to explore the island—so Korway said. They are not yet back."

David fell to pulling viciously at his beard. His mind was ill at ease; he was more troubled than he would confess to the girl. Severn was left behind, and they were out of the usual canoe route. Lake of the Woods was a great sheet of water, and, in its outlying places, little seen by men. There were vast possibilities for evil at this lonesome camp.

He dreaded to think what the night might bring forth. That Korway was really Jason Bardell he did not doubt, nor did he doubt that Jason knew that "Isaac Campbell" was Helen, in disguise, nor that Jason knew the treasure was in one of the inland pieces.

He was equally assured that Jason would risk his life and soul to steal the twenty thousand pounds.

David felt helpless that night. The odds had been against them even when Roger was there. Now they were without their strongest man, physically, and without the quick and sagacious mind that directed the fortunes of the brigade.

Presently David and Helen returned to the fire, where Korway soon joined them. He came with deliberate steps and an easy manner.

"Voyageurs," he said at once, "I think you had better turn in early tonight. We must be off to pick Severn up as soon as a boat can be launched, you know; so get to your rest."

"You are right," replied Louis Gouin.

So saying he started for his blanket, and others followed his example—first Carrel and Deroux and then Colot and Pera. The last two were slow to move, while Proue and Chardonnais did not stir. Baptiste looked at David as if seeking some sign, but none was given. The significance of all this lay in the fact that the hour was early for retiring, and that the voyageurs usually suited their own pleasure in that matter.

Baptiste saw evil designs in this plan to get them to bed, but he did not know what to expect.

It so happened that David, unsuspicious of any hidden motives, approved of this plan, and himself set the example. In a short time every person there was wrapped in his blanket and lying down. Even then there was something to worry Baptiste. Chardonnais, as soon as he yielded to the plan, was among the first to seek his bed, and this he had no sooner done than Carrel and Deroux took position, the one on one side of him and the other on the opposite hand.

He was thus boxed up, as it were.

Gouin had been slow, and had cast covert glances at Proue. These had been observed by Baptiste, and, warned by what had happened to Chardonnais, he kept afoot until he saw Gouin at rest. He did not intend to have any of Korway's favorites so close to him that he could not move without attracting attention.

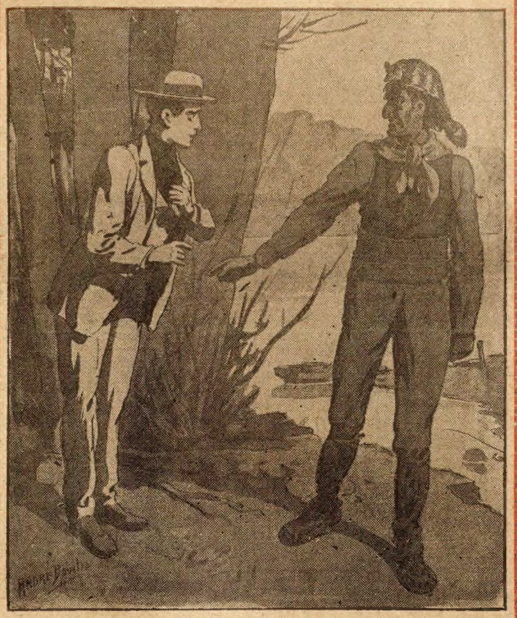
Another thing was on Baptiste's mind. Francois Lasure had gone away with Peter and had not been seen since. What did that mean? Was he kept away to favor Peter's coming stroke?

Baptiste was worried, but from being wakeful and nervous he gradually grew more composed of mind and decided that, after all, things might not be so bad as they seemed, and so he drifted away into slumber.

Another person there did not so easily succumb to drowsiness. Helen lay in her blanket with every sense on the alert. Fear pressed upon in divers ways. Severn, the treasure, David and herself—each had a peculiar peril in the future. What would be the outcome? What could be done to avert the dreaded blow?

Never before had she been so nervous as at that moment.

It was an hour after lying down that she thought she heard a peculiar sound at the water's edge. She at once thought of the treasure. She and David lay apart from the rest, as usual, and she turned a trifle and looked toward the other men.



"You must flee."

She thought she could see eight of them near the fire. But what of the ninth? She, too, noticed that Francois Lasure did not come back with Korway. Where was he now? What was he doing?

The wind had lulled so much that she thought the water must have become fairly quiet. It might be possible to move a boat. What if Lasure was secretly engaged in purloining it? This might cause the sound by the shore.

Her late indifference as to the treasure vanished. It suddenly loomed high in importance. It had been the object of her dead guardian's earnest wishes, and the object of Roger Severn's watchful care. The dying hopes of the one and the reputation of the other were at stake. The treasure—it must not, it must not be lost!

Quietly she rose and moved, soft-footed, toward the water. David slept. She would not awaken him. He was not a young man; he needed rest. He needed strength for the future.

It was not far to go. She soon stood by the water. And the boat was there. Whatever the cause of the sound she had heard, the boat was where it had been left.

Now she lost the fear that it would be moved immediately. The lake waves still pounded the land, and each one was whitecapped. Not yet was it time to think of getting afloat.

While she stood in deep and troubled thought there was a new sound behind her. She turned quickly. A man was there. Fear flashed anew to her mind. Her hand sought her pistol.

"Hush!" spoke the man in a whisper.

"Who are you?" she demanded sharply

"Lazare Colot."

"What do you want?"

"To help you. You saved my life at the falls by Fort Francis, and I do not forget. Now I will save you. See!—you must flee!"

"From what?—from whom?"

"From Jason Bardell!"

"From—who did you say?"

"Jason Bardell. He calls himself Peter Korway, but he cannot fool me. I have seen him at Rupert House and in the wilderness, and a mere change of name is a poor disguise. Jason Bardell is his name!"

"Why have you not told me this before?"

"What does his name mean to you? Names will not hurt or save It is the man you need to fear, not what he calls himself."

"But you have not told me that he had evil designs."

"I have not before now seen you in danger. If I knew he was a knave, I did not know he meant you harm."

"Have you not been in his employ?"

"Never!"

"Has he tried to win you over?"

"Bah! The man has poured honey into my ears, and twisted his face out of shape many's the time, to let me see how sweet his smile was. Ugh! he can save his sweets for weaker men!"

"I am thankful to hear this. But you say there is danger. What danger? Speak out!"

"You must flee!"

"Why?"

"You are in Jason's power, and he will soon close the trap on the mice he has here. He left the partisan behind to have you helpless. This night he will strike the blow!"

"Has he—has anybody told you this?"

"No. Have I not eyes?"

"Fly!"

"Whither?"

Silently he pointed to the east.

"But how are we to cross the water?"

"On land!" replied Lazare grimly. "This is no island. I know Lake of the Woods as well as any man. We are on a long, narrow point. It might well be mistaken for an island, since this little bit of it is connected with the rest of the point by a thread-like neck. Yes, we can walk away dry-shod."

"I will speak with my older friend——"

"You will speak with Ezra Dow in vain. He will not hear you. Neither will Baptiste Proue and Louis Chardonnais. All three are drugged!"

"Drugged!" echoed Helen.

"Even so. Had you and I drank of the tea we should be as sound asleep as they. You refused tea tonight, as you sometimes do. I accepted mine, but slyly poured it on the ground. I had seen Gouin drop something in it when he set it to boil."

"Impossible!"

"Test me!" calmly responded Lazare. "Go and arouse Ezra Dow, if you can. Then come to me and flee with me. I will save you. I swear it! Look, Master Campbell!—once I hung over the rocks at the portage near Fort Frances, and death watched for me below, and laughed. Why is it that I live? You saved me then, I will save you now. First, go and try to rouse Ezra Dow!"

Mechanically Helen moved. His assertion that David was drugged dazed and almost overwhelmed her. Could she trust Lazare?—the man who was despised by all in the boat, and contemptuously called "the Sioux"—dared she trust him for a moment?

She went softly and reached David's side. He lay without motion. She bent over him and shook him gently by the arm.

"David!" she whispered softly.

There was no reply and no motion. She increased the force of her grasp and of her whisper.

"David, David!"

He remained as motionless as the waving pines above them.

By that time keen apprehension was tugging at her heart-strings, and she grew vehement. She shook the agent violently, but he was like a clod. Greatly agitated, she stood erect and meditated rapidly. The agent lay where her movements would not naturally be seen by those nearer the fire. Half-way between, Baptiste Proue reclined in his blanket. Rash as it was, she resolved to try the voyageur.

Going softly to his side she shook him as she had shaken David, but Baptiste, a man accustomed by wild life to awaken at the least disturbance, slumbered on and knew nothing of her efforts.

She crept back into the deeper shadows, dazed, trembling and full of terror. It was as Lazare Colot had said; this deep sleep which held her protectors in its grasp was not sleep, but drugged unconsciousness.

She clung to a tree for support and faced the situation with every nerve quivering. What was she to do? Remain, and be at the mercy of known foes, or trust herself with a doubtful companion elsewhere? On the one side was a full camp and on the other Lazare Colot, the despised, the unsocial, the little understood. With the first party, the island and hope of rescue; with Lazare, the solitary wilderness.

Which was she to choose?

CHAPTER XVI.

TRACES OF VIOLENCE.

It was the following morning. Lake of the Woods was rough, but not dangerously so. A canoe that was proceeding up the lake suffered no harm from the waters. Its occupants were a man, two women and a child. All were Indians, and of a class higher than many of the unclean red men who roamed the eastern fur-land.

Presently the attention of the man became fixed ahead. He saw something out of the ordinary course of life on the lake. An island lay almost directly ahead, and on an elevated point he beheld a man who was waving some fabric in the air. He even thought he could hear shouts.

The Indian changed his course slightly and bore down on the land. He was for a time urged on by motions and shouts, and then the person on the elevation hastened down to the water's edge and stood ready to meet him.

The island was Spur Island, and the man was Roger Severn.

He had not remained a passive castaway. Once, despite the rough waves and distance, he had essayed to swim away, but was caught in an unsuspected undertow and nearly lost his life. He was about to repeat the experiment when the canoe appeared.

Now, he addressed the Indian before they had fairly met.

"Have you see an inland boat down the lake?" he asked.

"Where?" inquired the canoeman.

"Anywhere."

"Not today.'

"Where are you from?"

"Lake Winnipeg'

"Have you seen the Montreal Express?"

"Yes. I met it at Rat Portage."

"Have you seen any other brigade?"

"No, but I saw one inland boat, loaded, which was alone. I knew the partisan. It was Alexis Michel."

"Where was he?"

"A short way below Les Dalles."

'Below Les Dalles?—below?"

"Yes."

"And ahead of the Express?"

"Yes.'

Roger was so amazed and filled with consternation that he fell silent, but the Indian took up the conversation again.

"Alexis Michel stopped us and asked if we had seen another boat lower down, but we had not. You see, we are from Lake Winnipeg, but not all the way by water. We wanted to visit the lodges of relatives to the east, so we left the river between Trois Pointes des Bois and Chute a Jacquot, and went inland; and when, after three days, we came on, we struck the river again at Sandy Lake. So we could not tell Alexis whether there was a boat ahead of him or not."

Roger said nothing. He was in the whirlpool of consternation. No doubt the same power that had deceived him had sent Alexis astray, and, while he turned back and made the vain journey to Spur Island, his other boat was speeding down the Winnipeg River, evidently under the impression that Captain Severn was ahead of him.

Truly, treachery was rampant and in luck. And, worst of all, Roger was fated to make his fight against Peter Korway without the help of Alexis and the second crew of voyageurs.

"When I saw them last," added the Indian, breaking the silence, "they were rowing fast onward."

"You say," returned Roger, arousing, "that you have seen no boat today. Did you see one last evening?"

"No, but there was one near us. The squall took us unawares and drove us out of our course. We landed on Campetes and spent the night there. In the midst of the squall a fire was suddenly seen on Beaver-tail Point, and there were nearly a dozen men by it. We knew they had a boat because the noise of a sail was heard before the fire shot up, and, afterwards, they often went to the edge of the water for blankets and the like. All this we saw from Campetes, but as we made no fire, it is not likely they saw us."

"What more? Where are they now?"

"I don't know. We left before daylight, and I can't say whether the men were still there."

"I will give you three pounds to take me to Beaver-tail Point."

The Indian hesitated, turned his head and spoke with the two women in his canoe. Roger waited anxiously. The Indian was a rather fine looking man, and his disposition to let his female passengers have a voice in proceedings showed that he was not a fire-eater The decision was soon made and briefly announced.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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Beware of mad dogs and backbiting people.

Bread is the staff of life; sugar is the cane.

Build your hopes high—then stand from under.

The early fish hook will soon be going down the pike.

There is more than a peck of trouble in some pint bottles.

After telling a little white lie twice it begins to turn black.

When one man tries to flatter another he has something to sell.

No, Cordelia, footnotes are not produced by blowing a shoe horn.

A dead lion is better than a live dog—for rug-making purposes.

And the fool with money to burn may drive an ash cart in after years.

Our worries would be few if it wasn't for the things that never happen.

A man's fool friends cause him almost as much trouble as his wise enemies.

No matter how hungry a man may be a single taste of defeat satisfies him.

People who think they are too good to live ought to patronize the undertaker.

Some men are so nice to their wives that it arouses the suspicion of the neighbors.

Some people are purse-proud because they haven't anything else to be proud of.

The more patience a woman has with her children the less she has with their father.

It doesn't necessarily follow that a man is any good just because he's as good as his word.

In the case of a photographer success depends on his ability to take things as they come.

The peach crop will probably be a failure this year. This does not apply to the summer girl.

While you may not be able to lead a man to water, you seldom have to ask him twice to face the bartender.

On her wedding day a young widow always wonders how many men will commit suicide on her account.

The wise man looks before he leaps—then instead of jumping into the fire he remains in the frying pan.

Woman lawyers are scarce, yet almost every married man knows at least one woman who is capable of laying down the law to him.

One woman who applies for a divorce says that her husband took her home on their wedding day and that his former wife was at the door and wouldn't let her in, but took back her husband. Some men are so careless about doing things of that sort.

Two Faces Under One Hat.

(Continued from page three.)

my own innocence,I shall stand my trial."

"And hang!"

"I will not believe it!" cried Mark. "Go! Your presence will drive me wild!"

"Well, think it over during the long, dark hours of the night, and if your life is worth more to you than five hundred dollars, I stand ready to leave an outlet for your escape. But, mind, only as long as that money is in your possession. I am off now; but shall return once more tonight with bread and meat. After that you will have the night in solitude to ponder over the matter. I know how you will decide in the end. Life is dear to even a murderer."

"Wretch! You have heard my decision."

"Ha, ha!" echoed the jailer's laugh, as he locked the door behind him.

"Brute! fiend!" groaned Mark. "And I—oh, God! I stand condemned by my own mouth!"

"That's as true as you live," retorted Dobbins, as he hastily strode from the door.

CHAPTER XI:

CALEB MARSH SOLILOQUIZES.

Caleb Marsh, after he had left the courthouse, drove direct to the shed where he was accustomed to leave his horse. His hands were none too steady while he was tying him.

"What changes a few short hours can make in a man's prospects!" he muttered. "Kate Ellis is fairly within my reach again, and landed safely in Lundy County Jail is the proper young man who would have stolen her from me! Ha, ha, Mark Perry! I'm your friend, your friend, never doubt it! It will pain me mightily to testify to facts that will send you dangling at a rope's end—mightily! At least, Abner and Kate Ellis shall think so. There is no other way—hang you must!

"Why, what other fate should a murderer meet? A murderer? Ha, ha! The brand is on you. Cleaver's evidence alone will hang you—he has not a single doubt of your guilt—not one! My evidence? Why, it will be the same as Cleaver's. What else should it be? S'pose I did catch a glimpse of you as you disappeared over the top of the hill a moment before you cried out 'Help, help!' you stand in my way and Cleaver will testify that cry was not uttered by you. Cleaver knows your voice, he does. Yes, yes, and so do I, for that matter. You are done for, Mark Perry, done for!

"Ah, but if you knew—if Doctor Doan knew of this rusty button, which dropped from the clenched hand of the murdered man into my open palm, the jail doors would be open to you in twenty minutes." Here Caleb withdrew the button from his pocket. "Humph, an old army button—came off an overcoat! That's no indication the coat it came from was blue, or that it was worn by an ex-soldier. It may have been, but—" and he glanced uneasily around as he thrust the button deep down in his vest pocket.

"I must go over to Rogers' and then ride out to the inquest. After that I must stop at Elwood. I imagine there will be a slight commotion there when I report how matters stand. I must change my tactics for a time if I would call that girl my wife. I must be all sympathy—I must extend the mortgages for another year. Why; there is no risk, and I must lay my wires to gain the gild's consent—not now, but after a time.

"I will be good to Abner and Kate. I will do all I can to win her fair, but failing—then Caleb Marsh will show his teeth again. That girl will become my wife before she will see her father thrust from Elwood. She will grieve awhile for Mark, I s'pose. I don't know, either, why she should grieve over the loss of a sweetheart, when that sweetheart is a candidate for the gallows.

"In three months time, at most, the execution will take place. Thunder! but s'pose those officers find the man who—some suspicious character with Baily's watch and the money? Gods! I am running ahead too fast. Then Horton, when he arrives, will not believe Mark guilty. He will spend money to clear him, employ Chicago lawyers—yes, detectives, and set them to work to ferret out the man who wore the coat that Baily, even as the dirk was thrust in his breast, clutched the button from, which none but I discovered.

"Gods! A few hours more may see Mark Perry come out of this and with flying colors! Ah, but the money that was to pay off my mortgages is gone! What of that? It may be recovered; if not, Horton is wealthy, and the loss of his partner and ten thousand dollars may not deter him from acting as Mark would have him.

"I wish Cleaver had shot and killed the boy when he started off that time. I might have brought that about, but I could not think of everything at once. Mark is not out of my way yet. Doctor Doan does not believe him guilty and when Horton sees him—but must he see him?"

Here Caleb brought his broad right hand down on his bay's back with a force that startled the animal.

"If it could be worked, it would be the very plan! And if worked at all, it must be tonight. It can be, must be! Ah, Caleb Marsh, you are a schemer—now set your wits to work! You must go on the supposition that the officers will not apprehend the man from whose coat the button came—nor will they. Little will they bother their heads. Cleaver will convince them that the murderer is in jail.

"If you work the plant that is now running through your brain, Mr. Marsh, every man, woman and child in Lundy County will be ready to swear that Mark Perry is a murderer tomorrow morning—yes, even the dead man's partner will be convinced. A great head you have, Caleb Marsh! No danger of his ever returning, for every newspaper in the land will be full of his crime.

"Rewards will be offered for his capture. But will he go? Humph! Trust me to work him up to that point. If he's captured thereafter, what then? He is smart and he will not be. Even if he is, what care I? My word has always been as good as my bond. Who would believe him? No one! Where would be the object? None would be visible to the naked eye. Why then should I stand here longer like a fool? First, for the means!

"Ah, I will be looked for at the inquest! Never mind, I was not summoned. Of course, it was supposed I would be there. Cleaver's evidence will hold Mark to court. Yes, and it will aid me elsewhere not to have appeared there. Sympathy for Kate Ellis kept me away! Now for a piece of work, and without leaving a trail behind me."

Caleb on leaving the shed where he had been so intently engrossed with his thoughts that he had not even noticed when the train passed through the town, entered the corner bar and called for a glass of brandy.

Now, Caleb Marsh was not a tippler, and it is safe to say that he had never been under the influence of liquor in his life. He held that for two reasons a man was a fool to follow the practice of tippling—one was that the habit was expensive, the other—well, let us for that, quote a phrase he often used: "When whisky is in, wit is out." Consequently, Caleb seldom indulged, but on this occasion he felt that he needed a stimulant.

The barkeeper looked up as he gave his order, then arose from his chair with alacrity and placed a glass and a decanter on the bar.

"Ah, Mr. Marsh," he said, "I supposed you had gone out to the inquest; heard you was one of the principal witnesses. Horrible affair! Just heard of it."

"Bad indeed," said Caleb, as he turned to his brandy, "but I have not quite finished my business in town. The coroner failed to summon me, and I have no heart for the business; besides, the testimony of Cleaver will be sufficient to hold the prisoner to court. I suppose I will have to testify there, but it pains me mightily on account of the Ellis family. Good evening," and Mr. Marsh passed hurriedly out.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed the barkeeper. "I never knew old money-bags to hold back for fear of giving pain to others before."

Five minutes later Caleb entered the door of a hardware store, barely a block from the bar.

To his satisfaction he found no one in the store aside from Frank Rogers, the proprietor, who was a man well on in years and very hard of hearing.

"Rogers!" Marsh said loudly, as he approached to where he stood leaning over the counter. "I want one of those patent padlocks, large size, to put on my barn."

"Padlock, Mr. Marsh? Yes, yes, I'm glad you want something," and the dealer soon laid an assortment before him.

Caleb fumbled them over and finally selected one.

"I want two pair of plow hames, same as I got last spring."

"Plow hames? Well, I will have to go upstairs for them. Will you watch the store, Mr. Marsh, until I return?"

"Yes, go on Rogers, I'll watch."

Rogers proceeded to the back of the store and ascended the stairs.

No sooner was he out of sight than Caleb Marsh passed around the end of the counter, where he halted before a row of pigeonholes, some twelve inches square, and which had been constructed to hold light articles of hardware.

"Here we are, first thing," he thought. "These are too small—these too large. Ah, these will do! Good steel there. They will do the work. Let's see, they are marked 'thirty-five cents each.' I don't care to steal them,"

Hastily he slipped two files within the breast pocket of his coat, and when Rogers came down with the hames he found him where he had left him. "Here you are, Mr. Marsh, I guess these will suit you, they are just the same as the last."

"Yes, they are all right. Wrap them up and I'll throw them in the buggy. The padlock I'll put in my pocket. What's the bill?"

"What's that? Oh, the bill! Three dollars and seventy-five cents, please."

Caleb laid four dollars and a half on the counter.

"That overpays me seventy-five cents, Mr. Marsh."

"I owed you seventy-five cents from last spring," said Caleb. "Should have paid it before, but never thought of it. Now we are square."

"I don't remember it," said Rogers, knitting his brow, as though trying to. "I have no charge against you."

"All the same, I owed it. I never forget a debt or a debtor; obliged to you, Rogers. Good day."

"Good day, Mr. Marsh."

Caleb walked out with his purchases, and Rogers for a moment stood running the fingers of one hand through his thin hair. "I'm bound you never forget a debtor," he muttered, "and it's clear that that is more than I can say of myself. I had forgotten that you owed me a dime."

It was half after six when Caleb passed through the open hallway of the courthouse and approached the jail.

It so chanced that the jailer, who resided but a short distance away, was just leaving that institution.

"Hello, Dobbins, I want to see you!" was Caleb's greeting.

"Why, Mr. Marsh! I thought you had gone out to the inquest."

"No, I did not get off, Dobbins; there will be enough evidence without mine to hold the prisoner to court."

"Evidence enough? Why, my evidence alone would hang him higher than a kite. I had not left the jail after locking him up before I heard him wailing out: 'I am a murderer.' You know what that means? Remorse, despair! Oh, it's competent evidence.' He is sure to hang."

"You heard those words, did you?" said Caleb excitedly. "Did you tell him?"

"Why, yes. I will probably be ordered to shackle him tomorrow. I am sorry for the sheriff. He will have to hang him."

"Bad business, bad business, and it affects me mightily, Dobbins, mightily, on account of the Ellis family. You know, he was engaged to marry the daughter."

"Thunder! A lucky escape she has had."

"Yes, but it is a sad affair. I am about to start for home. I shall stop at Elwood and let Ellis and his daughter know all about the unfortunate affair and I thought I'd best go in and offer to bear any message from Mark to the girl he professed to love. I think he will break down and confess the whole business before I leave him, now that you tell me you heard him use those words."

"You can go right in, Mr. Marsh, right in! Sure, you are one of the sheriff's bondsmen."

This was so, but not only did Marsh have a bond guaranteeing him against loss, but the sheriff paid his taxes, amounting to several hundred dollars each year.

"I shall wish to remain a half-hour or so, Dobbins. I have much to say to Mark Perry. You must lock me in, and I will knock on the door when I am ready to come out. I suppose a jailer's pay ain't much in a county like this, and you look worried. I don't wonder. Here, take this half-dollar and get a good stiff drink of brandy; it will help you. Just step round to Blossom's shed and drive my horse back with you. It's getting late and when I leave here I must be off."

"Certainly, certainly," said Dobbins, as he swung open the jail door. "There is an oil lamp on that window ledge there. Look out for him now. I have brought you a visitor, prisoner."

Dobbins closed and locked the door, then made a bee-line for Dan Rouse's saloon, wondering what had come over Caleb Marsh.

"This has caused him to forget the value of money," he thought. "Well, I will accommodate him. I will down the brandy and drive back. Fifty cents from Caleb Marsh—Jerusalem!"

CHAPTER XII.

"GIVE ME THE FILES, CALEB MARSH."

Mark was lying at full length and face downward on the bench when Caleb was admitted. The plate containing the bread and meat, which certainly had no attraction for him, was sitting on the floor.

"Mark Perry," commenced Caleb, as soon as the jailer's footfall had died away, "I don't wonder you are broken down; you are right now in the shadow of the gallows. It's hard, Mark, hard—hard for the murdered man—hard for his partner—hard for my old friend Ellis, and terrible, terrible for the young girl who loved and trusted you. It will nigh-about kill her, if it don't quite."

"Caleb Marsh," cried Mark, springing to his feet, his limbs trembling with emotion and his face pallid, "you have professed to feel friendly towards me!"

"Professed? I was proud of you, Mark. I was your friend, and more, I am yet. I have proved it. Do you know that right now the inquest is going on at Sandy Run? If I was not your friend, I would be there testifying to facts that would condemn you. I have shirked a duty, Mark—I couldn't bear it; but my absence will not save you from the hangman's knot, and worse than that, the jailer, who heard you cry out, denouncing yourself as a murderer, will condemn you.

"All the lawyers in the State couldn't save you. Horton may be your friend, but what good can he do you?. None. Tomorrow you will be in chains."

"Oh, God! and an innocent man!"

"You may be, Mark. I don't say you are not, but innocent or guilty, you will hang! Look at the matter as it is, no power on earth can save you."

"Oh, why do you come here to plunge me deeper in despair?"

"Listen! Because I am your friend, because I would save your old benefactor and the girl you claim you love the shock, the disgrace, of having you, the betrothed husband of a lovely girl, die the death of a felon on the gallows."

"Save me from the gallows? You, you? Then you know I am not guilty?"

"No, Mark, no testimony of mine would aid you. It is not that. If your life is saved from the gallows, it must be tonight. Now, judge if I am your friend—I am here to save it. Those three slender bars in that window there are alone between you and freedom, and here," drawing forth the files from his pocket, "is that which will sever them. When another day dawns, you must be many miles from here, and if you are as shrewd as I think you are, you will not be apprehended."

"Never, Caleb Marsh, never! Why, my

WE WANT NAMES OF BOYS

We want YOU to send us the names and addresses of ten or more bright boys from 12 to 17 years of age living in the United States. You can send us the names from any number of different post-offices. If you will send us these names we will send you **TWO BEAUTIFUL COLORED PICTURES FREE.** These pictures are reproductions of the most celebrated paintings in the world, and they are of high quality, and we know that you will be pleased and delighted with them; no pictures will be given for a list of less than five boys.

We want to send them a free sample copy of our PARAGON, and our offer of a free Moving Picture Machine, the greatest fun and money maker ever offered to boys in the country. It is for this reason we want the names.

Send us immediately a list of at least ten boys and we will send you, postpaid, **Absolutely Free, Two Reproductions of the World's Famous Pictures** in beautiful colors, size 15 x 20 inches. Address THE PARAGON, 649 W. 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

flight would be construed as an admission of guilt. Impossible!"

"To remain here is to die on the gallows! Take your choice. At least, I have proved to you and more nearly than will any other living man, that I am your friend; and as to your flight being an admission of your guilt, you forget that Dobbins will testify that you have already admitted it."

"Why did those words fall from my lips? They were these, Mr. Marsh: 'To all appearances, I am a murderer.' Dobbins, the unprincipled wretch, claims only to have heard the latter part of the sentence. He has offered to liberate me tonight for five hundred dollars and vows I will hang within three months unless I accede to his proposition."

"Dobbins? Oh, ho, I see! He would get your money, and then laugh at you. Of course, he knows you will be condemned to death, else do you suppose he would have made you the proposition? Don't you see, he has no fear of you? He argues that no one will believe you. Why, he will testify that you offered him your last dollar to leave you a chance of escape, and that he scorned your offer, that your charges against him are made from spite. Now, boy, you say you are innocent—best live, and see that fact established, rather than have it come to light after you have filled a felon's grave. Living, all things are possible to you—dead, none."

"But this very night the murderer may be apprehended."

"Bear in mind, Mark, that the coroner's jury will hold you for the murder. Think you that further search will be made, when the whole community will believe the murderer to be in jail? I tell you, boy, this is your last chance. Do you believe in my friendship now?"

"I have doubted it, Mr. Marsh—forgive me, I can do so no longer; but I can never consent to the course you propose."

Caleb Marsh bit his lips and his features worked convulsively. "Do you think I would propose it," he asked, "unless I foresaw the end? What do you think Kate Ellis will say when I tell her and her father, as I shall in confidence, for I know they will not betray it, that you refused the only channel to liberty and to eventually establish your innocence?

"There is no telling what a year may bring forth; unexpected events are constantly coming to light—the man who committed that murder—and now I am going on the supposition that it was not you——"

"As God is my judge, it was not!"

"Well, he has ten thousand dollars in cash, at least. No one is under suspicion, aside from yourself. He will not be apprehended for the crime. Murderers and thieves do not keep money long and that gone, he will commit another crime, perhaps be apprehended and condemned to death. Before he is executed he will confess his former crimes, this one among them.

"When that time comes, will you be sleeping in a dishonored grave? Well, you can bear with you memories of a broken-hearted girl who loves you and who had faith in your innocence; of a gray-haired old man, who already looks on you as a son. I think I have performed my duty by you."

"Oh, God, if I knew! If I knew!"

"You do know that the gallows is before you! As for my mortgages, I will extend them. I will let the interest and principal run on. I could not crush a broken father and his daughter. Some men, had they sought the daughter's hand, might not be here pleading with a successful suitor, and a man whom the law would soon remove from their path, to live. I am. I realize that I am getting to be an old man—much too old to be attractive to a young girl. Live, Mark Perry! Live, and you may yet claim your bride and see your name vindicated.

"This is your last chance! I have been here already too long. Act! Act the part of a man of brains, and act quickly."

"Oh, Kate, Kate! For your sake, yours! But will you tell Mr. Horton when he arrives of the manner of my flight? He will keep your confidence."

"Yes, if he believes in your innocence, I will confide in him and he undoubtedly does. Oh, he will approve of our course and set agencies afloat to discover who murdered his partner."

"Believe me! He will never for one moment doubt my integrity."

"Then you have my promise! More, adopt a new name and determine on a point where a letter will reach you two weeks hence and I will advise you of how matters progress. Why, boy, you are young; with a whole lifetime before you, the girl you love, your wife, and happiness—if you take my advice, a halter, if you do not."

"Give me the files, Caleb Marsh! Give me the files! I thank God at this moment for such a friend as you. Let men talk of you henceforth as cold and hard, one day, they shall know that within your rough exterior there beats a heart as true as steel. God bless you, for all time to come."

With one shaking hand Caleb extended the files, while with the other he raised his handkerchief to his eyes. To hide his tears? No! Lest Mark note the look of triumph that gleamed therefrom.

"Let's see! Let's see!" said Mark excitedly! "Let the name be Merrill, John Merrill, Denver, Colorado. Address, the general delivery, and if I am not captured I will receive your letter."

"You must not be captured—will not be! Remember, you are fleeing for your life and to secure the happiness of those you love. Commence operations as soon as you safely can—by eleven o'clock, at the latest. You can soon cut through those bars, and you will have the whole night before you. You have determined wisely, and now, good-by. I must knock on the door to attract the jailer."

"Wait, Mr. Marsh! I have that six hundred dollars here; will you give it to Kate and tell her, and tell her—tell her what you will, but tell her I love her?"

"No, no, Mark, you will need all that to aid you in your flight. I promise they shall not come to want; but remember, you must not write to a living soul, either here or elsewhere—mails will be watched. A single word would betray you!"

"Not a line? Not a word?"

"Not one! I am risking much for you. You forget that I am committing a crime. God pardon me! You will see by the newspapers when the guilty man has been apprehended."

"It shall be as you say; but I am young and strong, I shall not need all this money. I will bury myself in the mines of Colorado. Half this sum will be ample for me, yes, less. Here, Mr. Marsh, here." Hastily the young man withdrew the roll of bills from his pocket, and in a second's time extended his hand. "This to Kate, Mr. Marsh. There is four hundred dollars. Tell her to wait, and to have faith in my integrity."

"You are crazy, Mark! No, no, that will never do! Why, two hundred dollars is a small sum for a man fleeing for his life. I tell you, your sweetheart and her father shall not come to want. I will not allow it—Horton would not allow it."

"True, he would not. And, Mr. Marsh, if you need the money on the mortgages tell him that my last request was that he take them up just the same as though this fearful crime had not been committed. He will do it for my sake. Tell him, Mr. Marsh, to be kind to those I love."

"Tut, boy, I don't want the money, they shall be my charge."

"Nevertheless, take the money! Can you not see? It is going to my Kate! From me to the girl I love! I cannot go, otherwise."

"Well, if you must have it so, divide it, say two hundred and fifty, and I will take it to her."

"No, three; that is half I had, or nearly so. There, no less, no less!"

"Fool!" thought Caleb, as he thrust the bills in his pocket, "to be parting with good money at a time like this. There, give me your hand, Mark," he continued. "Good-by and remember all that depends on the success of your flight."

"Good-by, my friend," sobbed Mark, as he grasped Caleb's clammy hand. "I shall never forget you! You have stood between an innocent man and the gallows and may God bless you!"

The poor boy's head almost sank on Caleb's shoulder.

"Come, come! Brace up, brace up!" said Marsh uneasily. "You have work ahead. Good-by!" he exclaimed in a louder voice, as he turned to the door.

"First, Mr. Marsh, will you bear a note to my poor Kate?"

"Yes, surely; but write it quick. Be careful how you word it—nothing of your coming escape."

On a leaf torn from a memorandum book, Mark with a pencil wrote these words:

"My Darling: Mr. Marsh will inform you of the terrible crime that has been committed and of the unfortunate position I am in. I need not tell you I am not guilty, though circumstances seem to declare me so. Have faith in my love, and trust to the near future to clear my name. Mr. Marsh is my true friend. He will extend the mortgages. If you request it, as my betrothed, Mr. Horton will take them up. You will see him tomorrow. My own, sweet Kate, I can write no more. Do not let your father doubt my integrity. Yours until death, MARK."

The young man folded this note and handed it to Caleb, who thrust it in his pocket.

"Now, a word to Mr. Horton," he said.

"No, I wouldn't do that, Mark," said Marsh, "you can't! Of course, it is supposed that you will expect to see him in the morning. Don't do it! I can explain all to him, and you wouldn't naturally write him a note. It would look too much as if we had arranged for your escape and Horton, in his excitement, might say something that would create that opinion before I could warn him. Again, some one might see the note. I will explain all to Horton. Leave it so! I don't care to be implicated."

"True! Let it be as you say, Mr. Marsh—I leave everything to you."

"Well you may, Mark, and now good-by."

As the last words were spoken, Caleb knocked loudly on the door.

"Take those files with you," he said; "throw them in a stream somewhere. I may be suspected, anyway. I have thought of that; but suspicion is not evidence. Don't mind what I say to the jailer when he comes. It's best to disarm him. Why, where is he?"

Again Caleb knocked loudly.

"Coming, Mr. Marsh, coming! I just got back with the horse; he's tied in front."

"I might as well go, Dobbins," said Caleb, as the door swung open. "Mark Perry will not confess. I thought if he would and had an accomplice who got away with the money, his statements might lead to the villain's capture."

"Oh, he'll confess before he's swung off," said the jailer, as he closed and locked the door, "they all do."

Dobbins accompanied Caleb to his buggy, where after exchanging good nights, the latter mounted to the seat of his vehicle and with a last look at the jailer—a sort of "I've-got-you-where-I-want-you" look—drove rapidly away.

"Worked to a charm!" he exclaimed, as his horse flew along the highway in the gathering dusk. "Worked to a charm! Of all the gullible fools, Mark Perry takes the cake! I have the game in my own hands now, if the real murderer is not captured with that money. Little danger of that. Hurrah for Marsh! Hurrah for Caleb Marsh! Ha, ha! I'm a bird, I am! The inquest is over by this time. I shall meet them coming in, then for Elwood! I expect the doctor will have been there before me. It will make my job the easier. After Elwood, then for a confab with Sarah.

"I must be at the depot in the morning to meet Horton. Ye gods! Won't there be consternation when the door of the jail is thrown open! Prisoner broke jail and fled! All doubts set at rest! Guilty! Guilty! Mark Perry! And of murder in the first degree! Ha, ha!" and the bay, astonished at his master's mirth, increased his pace of the dusty road.

This dramatic story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very startling episodes and situations. Its perusal to the end will highly reward you. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly advised to send in the price of subscription at once. If you do so, we will be glad to send you free one of our King Cameras or any six patterns you may select from our pattern page. Look at our advertisement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

They Saw the Show.

"Yes, me'n Reuben saw the auto show and had a good time," replied the old lady when asked the question. "I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much and Reuben was right to home among all those folks."

"And you saw all kinds of machines?"

"There seemed to be a hundred different sorts, and there was a feller at each one of them to talk to Reuben.

"'Were you looking for something in this line?' he would ask.

"'I was,' Reuben would reply with his hands under his coat-tails and his chest swelled out.

"'About how much did you want to pay?'

"'Money is no object.'

"'Then I've got what you want. Here is a machine that will climb the side of a house, descend into a coal mine or jump over a river. You can reduce the speed to two miles an hour or run it up to a hundred. It will run on the road, in the highway ditch or in the woods. No country constable can shoot it and no town policemen can catch it. You have only to glue wings on it and it becomes a bird. Can be run by your grandmother or by a babe a year old. It never leaves cripples behind to start a suit for damages. Always kills the victim stone dead and then gets into the next county before an alarm is given. It can be used as a windmill or a steam plow. The price is only $7,500 to you.'

"That's the way they all talked," continued the old lady, "and while I stood there tryin' to look like Mrs. Astor, Reuben would purse up his mouth, look doubtful and finally say:

"'Wall, I dunno, I guess I'll look a leetle further. I wanted sunthin' with silver wheels and a gold body—sunthin' worth about a hundred thousand, but if I can't find it I may come back and look you over agin'.'

"Yes, that's the way the fellers talked, and that's the way Reuben talked, and we swelled around and was taken for such big people that when Reuben fell over a bench and busted his suspenders nobody dast giggle over it."

Preempted

Prof. James H. Hyslop of the American Society for Psychical Research, said in a discussion of mediums:

"Genuine mediums being so plentiful, I can readily sympathize with those who ridicule false mediums. I heard of an amusing incident in this line the other day.

"A medium, after evoking Lincoln, Washington and other seasonable spirits, said in a thrilling voice:

"'I see a man of middle age, with black hair parted in the middle, a black mustache and a tip-tilted nose. Handsome, distinguished, stately, he is hovering persistently about you, sir.' And the medium nodded toward an elderly man with white whiskers.

"This elderly man started, and then burst suddenly into tears. His frame shaking with sobs, he cried:

"'John, John, why, O, why did you leave me to the misery of these past years?'

"'You knew him?' The medium asked gently.

"'Knew him?' moaned the elderly man. 'I communed with him daily. O, John,' he burst forth again, 'why, why did you have to die?'

"'Courage,' said the medium. 'Calm yourself. Though his loss was a great one, you may yet find another friend to fill his place.'

"'No, no! Impossible! His place is filled.'

"'Filled? What do you mean?' asked the puzzled medium.

"The elderly man, shaking his head sadly, answered:

"'He was my wife's first husband.'"

$1.35 OUTFIT FREE
To Any One Who Will Act as Our Agent

Thousands of agents throughout the United States are making $3.50 to $8.00 per day selling our attractive line of Household Specialties in Tinware and Aluminum, which we manufacture and are constantly introducing. Our goods are all labor-saving household necessities, made of best material, have ready sale the year 'round and give liberal profits to agents. To increase our number of active workers, we have decided to make this liberal offer.

Here's the OUTFIT OF 7 ARTICLES you get ABSOLUTELY FREE.

No. 1, Shaker Sifter, 35c—Sifts with 1 hand as rapidly as other sifters do with two. Our patent.
No. 2, Frying Pan Cover, 20c—Perforated, absolutely the only cover which prevents the spattering of grease without steaming articles in pan.
No. 3, Combination Dipper, 25c—Consists of nine different articles combined in one, the most useful and handy kitchen utensil ever invented.
No. 4, Perfection Cake Tin, 15c—Enables any one to remove delicate cake without breaking.
No. 5, Wonder Egg Beater and Cream Whip 15c—Beats eggs in thirty seconds, whips cream in less than one minute.
No. 6, Favorite Cake Spoon, 15c—For stirring and mixing batter of all kinds—can be used in a thousand and one ways.
No. 7, Clean Cut Tin, 10c—By simply turning cutter once around—the cake will come out without any break or flaw.

HOW TO GET IT All you have to do to get Free the above outfit, which retails at $1.35, is to send us your name and address with 50 cents and this outfit of 7 different articles, together with catalog, printed matter, instructions, etc., will be sent by express to any part of the U. S.

We ask for this small deposit simply as a guarantee that you will really act as our agent, of which we will be assured after you have sent us an order of $5 or more, at which time we will permit you to deduct the 50 cents from your remittance, and in that way you will get the outfit of 7 different articles absolutely free.

If the goods when received are not entirely satisfactory and as represented, send the whole outfit back at our expense, and your money will be refunded. When writing, mention Special Offer No. 25.

HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS,
23 Randolph St., Chicago, or Buffalo, N. Y.

1 CENT IS ALL IT COSTS to write postal for our big Free Bicycle catalog showing all models at lowest prices.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires until you learn our marvelous new offers. We ship on approval without a cent deposit, prepay freight, allow 10 Days Free Trial—All our new and wonderful propositions with catalogues and much valuable information sent you FREE for the asking.

WE WILL CONVINCE you that we sell a better bicycle for less money than any other house. Buy direct from the factory. If you want to Make Money or Earn a Bicycle write for our Special Offer.

TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, built-up-wheels and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait, but write us a postal today and learn everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. T 53 Chicago, Ill.

$5.00 DRESSES ANY MAN
FREE TRIAL OFFER

I WILL give you my splendid outfit on a 60-day free trial entirely at my own risk, providing you are the first from your locality to accept my generous offer. I have always sold these splendid Outfits to dealers, but this season, commencing with this very day, I have made up my mind to sell direct to the wearer and save every man the enormous profit that has always gone into the pocket of the dealer. To make my new plan a success right from the start I decided to place with one reliable person in each community my complete outfit for $5.00 and not one cent more.

This is my stylish ten-piece Outfit — 1 Stylishly tailored suit, 1 President dress shirt, 1 King Edward cap, 1 pair Empire suspenders, 1 pair mend-proof hose, 1 Chesterfield tie, 3 fine handkerchiefs, 1 set gold buttons.

To be safe in securing this offer send at once for tape, order blank, etc., for I can give to but one in a locality at this advertising price.

HON. ALTON F. MILLS, President
CANADA MILLS CO., Dept. 8B, GREENVILLE, MICH

NEW YORK
THE STORM KING WHISKEY
J.C. CHILDS

Storm King Whiskey.
The Best That Skill and Time Can Make

Rye or Bourbon
4 Full Quart Bottles, $3.10
6 Quarts, 4.50
12 Quarts, 8.75

WE PAY THE Express charges to all points east of the MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

SILVERWARE FREE.

Return this ad with your next order and we will send you a Wm. Rogers heavily silver-plated Sugar Shell or Butter Knife (your choice), worth 50c, Free. (B)

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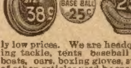
893 3d Ave., New York



Big Sporting Goods Bargains
SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUN $2.95
HAMILTON RIFLE $1.50

WRITE US A postal or a letter today saying "Send me your Sporting Goods Catalog," and by return mail we will send you our great and wonderful sporting goods catalog, which illustrates and describes the most marvelous bargains in the world in high grade standard made and reliable Guns, Revolvers and Sportsmen's Goods of all kinds. We sell single-barrel shotguns at $2.05 up; double-barrel shotguns at $6.25 up; repeating shotguns at $14.90 up; repeating rifles, $7.25 up; target rifles, $1.50 up; air rifles, 65c up; revolvers, $1.05 up; Baseballs, 25c

7X7 TENT WITH POLES PINS AND ROPES $5.45

SEINES

20X4FT 1½INCH MESH 64c

50X5FT 1½INCH MESH $1.77

Baseball Suits, $1.20 up; fishing rods, 45c up; reels, 12c up, and every thing else in sporting goods at correspondingly low prices. We are headquarters for game traps, fishing tackle, tents, baseball goods, guns, nets, seines, boats, oars, boxing gloves, striking bags, and thousands of other articles used by sportsmen. Our goods are same as all first class dealers sell, but our prices are a quarter to a half less.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 West Madison Street CHICAGO

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

A $700,000,000 VEIN REDISCOVERED AT WONDER, NEV.

Mining Engineers See in the Ore a Positive Similarity to the Great Comstock Lode.

Nevada Greenback Wonder Stock Has Advanced 100 Per Cent in the Last Two Months.

Even old experienced miners who are familiar with all the ins and outs of gold and silver mining are dumfounded at the tremendous progress made upon the Nevada Greenback Wonder mine at Wonder, Nev. The officers of this company who predicted that they had found a bonanza and who made the assertion that they would be sacking and shipping ore before midsummer are now able to state that development of this wonderful property has progressed to such an extent that they confidently believe they will be in the richest ore much sooner than they had thought possible. This means that dividends may be expected from 2 to 5 months earlier than would otherwise have been the case. Early predictions of the development of this property were based upon the record of other mines in this same camp, but it would now seem that the best of them has been far outstripped with the record of the Nevada Greenback.

Early essays on this property gave $380.32 to the ton. Since then all necessary surface work—trenching, tunneling, etc.—has been completed and the main shaft is now down 40 feet. They are in the formations which are constantly becoming wider and better.

There can be no possible doubt but that this marvelous camp of Wonder is a rediscovery of the old Comstock Lode 80 miles away, which produced practically $700,000,000 before it got too deep for working. The two ores placed side by side cannot be told apart and it is the expressed opinion of experienced miners that it is the same lode, but made a thousand times richer and more wonderful by the crossing of another great mineral system extending from Tonopah to Winnemucca. Wonder is at the intersection and the whole region seems to rest upon a foundation of gold and silver. For six miles square the ground is so rich that ore fairly crops from the surface of the earth. Within this region and in the very heart of it is located the property—four full claims of the Nevada Greenback Wonder.

The Vulture, the Jack Pot, the Alice, the Wasp and Spider, the Stray Horse, the Castle Rock, the Big Wonder, the June Wonder, the Ruby Wonder—we haven't time or space to tell you of them—all are among the properties that are shipping ore worth $250. to $600. a ton.

PROFITS.

The capital stock of the Nevada Wonder is $1,000,000. It is expected that they will easily be able to break down a minimum amount of 100 tons of ore per day; but suppose we figure on only a tenth of this—just ten tons per day. Just figuring upon the surface valuation of this property, $380.00 per ton, this means a gross income of **$3,800 daily.** From this, of course, must be deducted the cost of mining and sacking and the charge for treatment at the smelter not to exceed $10 per ton all told. That leaves a net profit of $3,700 every working day, or $1,110,000 net profit for the year, allowing ample time for necessary shutdowns and holidays. This is sufficient to pay 110 per cent on the par valuation of a stock you can buy today for 20 cents per share. And this is only one-tenth of what they should easily do.

Because of the tremendous amount of development that has been done and in view of the actual results obtained, it has become necessary to again advance the price of stock in this company at an early date.

The stock sells now for 20 cents per share, but if cash is sent in advance with order, a cash discount of 5 per cent is allowed, making it cost only 19 cents a share. No less than 200 shares are sold to any one person, but $8.00 cash and $8.00 per month for four months will buy this amount of stock; more in proportion.

We wish to urge all our readers to invest in this stock now while they have the chance. We would advise that subscriptions be sent by telegraph stating number of shares wanted and whether on the cash or installment plan, and that the money be sent by the first mail. There is no risk in buying this stock as it is sold under a positive guarantee to resell if the buyer wishes any time within one year, at the highest market price. Quick action is necessary. All letters, telegrams, etc., should be sent to J. Renwick Preston, 599 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Mr. Preston is the treasurer of the National Mortgage & Bond Company, who have charge of this stock. Their own money is in it and every one can look for a square deal and straightforward treatment. This is a good chance to make money quickly and with safety.

Logical Deduction.

Miffkins—Here is a photograph of my wife. What do you think of it?

Biffkins—It's certainly a pretty picture, but it doesn't look much like her. I suppose it represents her before taking.

Miffkins—Before taking what?

Biffkins—You.

In 1950.

Her—I hear the Neweds have separated. Do you know the cause of it?

Him—Yes. She insisted on going to her club twice a week, so he went home to his father.

JOKES AND

Snubbed by His Employer.

Workingman—I've been and got married, sir, and I'd like you to raise my wages.

Employer—Very sorry for you, but I'm only responsible for accidents that occur in the works.

Noiseless Screams.

Edyth—Jack Huggins actually had the impudence to kiss me last night.

Mayme—The idea! Of course you tried to scream?

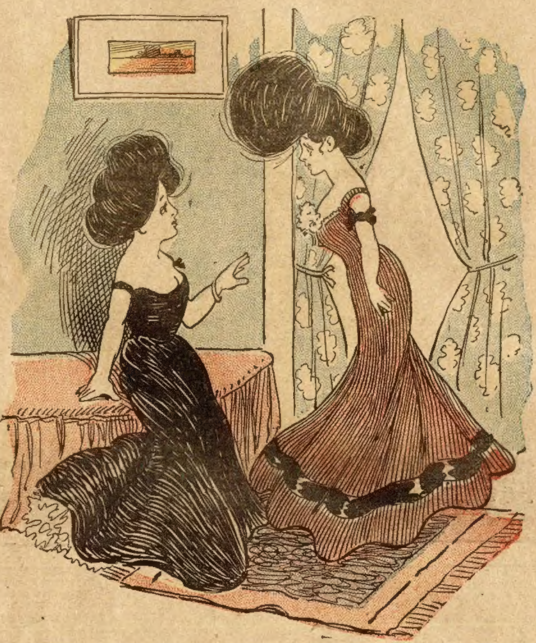
Edyth—Yes—every time.

Urban Ignorance.

Mrs. Hayfork (who had summer boarders)—Yes, Mrs. Hayseed, the ig'rance of city folks about country life is just amusin'. Ye know I had two families from New York last season.

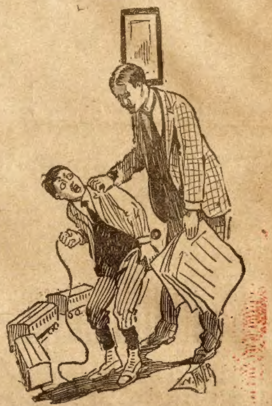
Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, I seed 'em galavantin' around.

Mrs. Hayfork—Well, it's an actual fact, them people brought tooth brushes with 'em, jest as if we were such savages out here as not to have sich a simple thing as a tooth brush in the house.



"Yes, Arthur is so thoughtless in some ways; I frequently have to ask him to spare my blushes!"

"Surely he doesn't attempt to wipe them off, does he?"



Irate Parent—Here! What is all this racket?

Bobby—Please, papa, we are playing a train of cars and I am the locomotive.

Irate Parent—You are the locomotive, eh? Well, I think I'll just switch you.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have berries, grapes, peaches and apples two years old, fresh as when picked. Do not heat or seal the fruit—just put it up cold; keeps perfectly fresh and costs almost nothing. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week. As there are many people poor, like myself, I feel it my duty to give you my experience, feeling confident any one can make $100 around home in a few days. I will mail bottle of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for 21 2-cent stamps, to cover cost of bottle, fruit, mailing, etc. Address Francis N. Turner, 170 to 172 Eighth Avenue, New York. Let people see and taste the fruit and you should sell hundreds of directions at $1 each.

Smoketown's Seal.

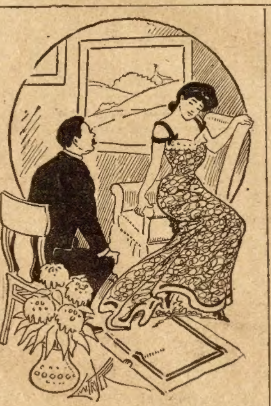
They met on the rim of a golden cloud.

"Get turned down?" queried the shade who was on his way up.

"Yes," sighed the shade who was on his way down, "St. Peter found out I was from Pittsburg."

"And how in the world did he find that out?"

"Why, I absent-mindedly offered him a stogy."



"It isn't till a Miss gets married that we find out how much we have Mr."

"Yes, and then we wonder if she also Mrs. us."

The Music-master's Joke.

A young woman receiving instructions in piano playing was told one day by her instructor that she was a Christian pianist." On the way home she debated what might be meant by the expression. Her father also considered the "compliment" as doubtful, and meeting the instructor a few days later asked why his daughter had been called a Christian pianist.'

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "I simply meant she didn't let her right hand know what her left hand does."

Dissatisfied Heir.

"Your ailment," remarked the physician, "is merely one of the ills that flesh is heir to."

"Yes, I suppose so," rejoined the patient. "By the way, Doctor, what are your charges for breaking a will?"

Ostend's Idea.

Teacher—Ostend, can you tell us anything about the wooden horse of Troy?

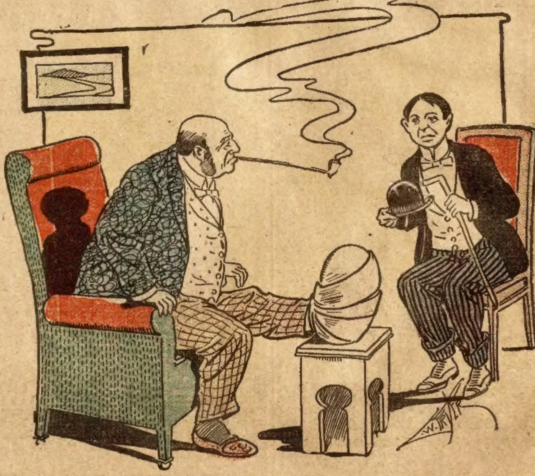
Ostend—The wooden horse of Troy? Why, ma'am, I suppose if it was a wooden horse it must have been a sawhorse.

Information Wanted.

Green—Can't I sell you my automobile?

Brown—Which is broke—you are the machine?

TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE.



The Young Man—May I take this opportunity, sir, of asking for your daughter's hand?

JOLLITY

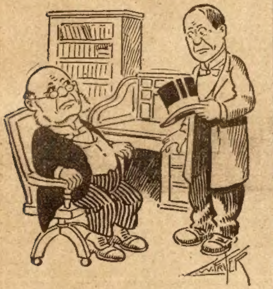
HEALTHY SCHOOLMA'AM

Found Out How to Feed Herself.

Many school teachers, at the end of their year's work feel thoroughly exhausted and worn out, physically and mentally. The demand upon the nerves and brain of a teacher is unusual and unless they are well fed and fed upon properly selected food, it is natural that they should run down.

A little woman teacher in Mich., who has been teaching regularly for a number of years, has always found herself thoroughly exhausted at the end of the session, until within the last year, she has made use of Grape-Nuts food with the result that she closed the year as a robust, healthy, strong, vigorous woman, having gained in weight from 90 pounds to 126; her nerves strong, face bright and cheery, and really a wonder to all her friends, who constantly comment on her color and strength. She knows exactly to what the change is attributed, for in the years past, living on ordinary food, she has almost broken down before the school year closed, whereas since using Grape-Nuts, this change has been brought about; evidence prima facie of the value of Grape-Nuts food for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

A Foolish Question.



Lawyer—Now, see here; before I take your case I want to know if you are guilty.

Client—Do you suppose I'd be fool enough to come to the most expensive lawyer in the town if I was innocent?

Too Rare.

Guest—Can you tell me what that chap with the long hair is doing over there?

Proprietor—Is monsieur deaf? Zat is one great musician imported from Paree.

Guest—Is, eh? Well, he is like this beef you just served me.

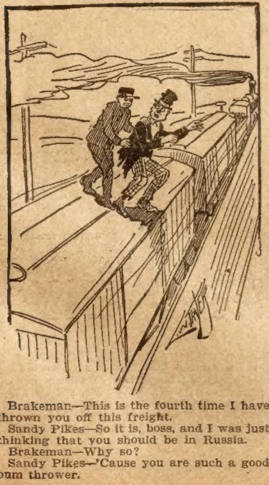
Proprietor—How is zat, monsieur?

Guest—Why, he is raw and needs plenty of roasting.

A Keen Thrust.

Miss Vane—I don't know that man very well, but I understand that he's been telling every one how wonderfully well preserved my complexion is.

Miss Knox—Probably he's an agent for it.



Brakeman—This is the fourth time I have thrown you off this freight.

Sandy Pikes—So it is, boss, and I was just thinking that you should be in Russia.

Brakeman—Why so?

Sandy Pikes—'Cause you are such a good bum thrower.

New Idea.

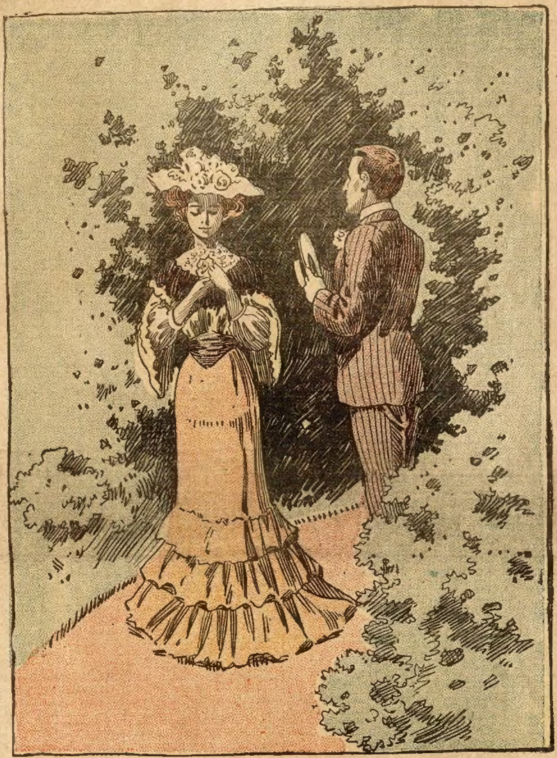
The Caller—What is your husband doing at present?

Inventor's Wife—Oh, he is trying to perfect a shipless airship.

The Cook's Opinion.

Friend—Is the bride you are working for getting to be a good housekeeper?

Cook—No, she hasn't learned to keep out of the kitchen yet.



He—Will you be my wife?

She—Before giving you my answer, I would like to know if your income is sufficient to pay me the alimony to which I have always been accustomed.

Comforting the Condemned.

"I have," said the lawyer, as he entered his condemned client's cell, "good news at last."

"A reprieve?" eagerly exclaimed the prisoner.

"No, not a reprieve; but your uncle has left you three thousand dollars, and now you can meet your fate with the satisfying feeling that the noble efforts of your lawyer in your behalf will not go unrewarded.

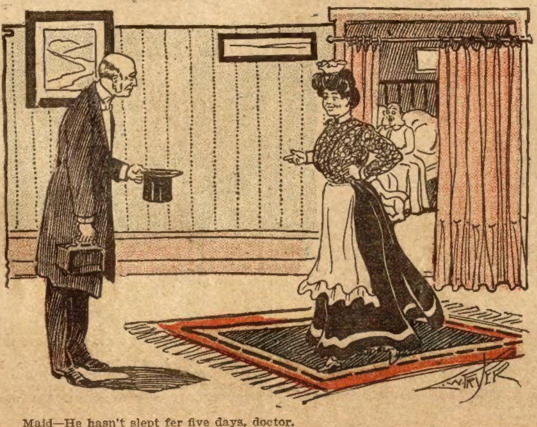
Didn't Like the Job.

A washerwoman applied to a gentleman for work, and he gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. X——: This woman wants washing."

Very shortly afterward the answer came back:

"Dear Sir: I dare say she does; but I don't fancy the job."



Maid—He hasn't slept fer five days, doctor.

Doctor—Is that so? What's the reason?

Maid—He sleeps at night, tee hee!

No Minus Quantities in Her Algebra.

He—They say apple pie without cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze. Do you believe it?

She—I'm not prepared to judge; I've never had a kiss without a squeeze.

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Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

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MAKE MONEY QUICK Men and Women make $3.00 to $15.00 a day selling our exclusive specialties. You can do it at home or on the road. Particulars free. Write today. Address Specialties Agency, 79 Dearborn Street, Chicago

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOKS Catches two fish to common hook's one. Fish are caught by even touching bait. Write today for our ONE BOOK FREE offer. Agents wanted. Hawk Specialty Co., Dept. 40, Des Moines, Ia.

AGENTS $50. Per WEEK WANTED To sell the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles—finest on earth. State present occupation. Dr. Haux Spectacle Co., Dept 115 St. Louis.

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AGENTS learn to fit glasses by sending for our Free Book on the eye; it will tell you all about it. A business that pays you from $75.00 to $150.00 per month without fail; the optical profession will do it for you. No field so pleasant, profitable or so little worked. No longer necessary to work for some one else at a meager salary. Every agent should have this VALUABLE BOOK. It costs you nothing and tells all about fitting glasses and where to get the best supplies at wholesale prices. Address JACKSONIAN OPTICAL COLLEGE, Dept. F, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

MAKE MONEY EASY Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblem etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalogue. AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH. (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

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BY ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

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CHAPTER XIII.

GONE!

The dinner was far from gay, for a current of unrest filled the air and oppressed the heart. The sky had been overcast all afternoon, but now it had become a perfect sea of tossing, rolling clouds, while a death-like silence reigned everywhere. Suddenly, just as the guests were passing from the dining-room into the drawing-room, the storm broke. A flash of lightning rent the sky and lit the whole park in a lurid glare, then the hoarse voice of the thunder broke the oppressive silence. The wind, as though waiting this signal, burst forth with such fury as to nearly double the giant trees in tne park, while the rain fell in torrents.

"What an awful storm!" exclaimed Madame de Longville nervously, as she drew near her daughter in a maternal instinct of protection.

Berthe had gone to look out, but soon the sight of the continually flashing lightning caused her to turn white-faced from the window, saying:

"I never saw lightning at this time of year. It is perfectly terrifying."

Lord Davanhoe rose and walked to where she stood, saying to her, as he looked out with indifference on the storm without:

"Those electric storms, Mademoiselle, though not frequent, will occur at times after a specially dry year. The past season has been remarkable for its lack of moisture and tonight we are paying for the subcharged condition of the atmosphere. You are not afraid?" he asked, seeing her shiver.

"I can't say that I am not," she replied frankly.

Monsieur Boursier, seeing the ladies' nervousness increasing every minute at each new peal of thunder, turned to Berthe, saying:

"The best way to calm your fears, Berthe, is to play for us. It will aid us to pass the time until the storm abates."

Berthe did as she was bidden, glad of an occupation to hide from the others her ever-increasing terror.

Isabelle, seated by her lover, though nervous like the others, felt in the near presence of the man she loved a sense of protection which left her more fearless than usual. Renee de Longville, on the contrary, was visibly frightened. Her recent illness and the weakened condition in which this had left her nerves made her more sensitive to atmospheric disturbance. As to Madame Boursier, her desire to appear calm was so great that she could scarcely think of the storm. All, however, welcomed Monsieur Boursier's suggestion and the first notes of the piano seemed to soothe for an instant their excitement.

But every minute the storm seemed to redouble in fury and soon the crashing of the thunder and the pouring of the rain were so violent that the sound of the piano was too feeble to overcome the howl of the tempest.

At last Berthe rose from the instrument and going to her father, said:

"Papa, if I wasn't so frightened I would like to go up to Mademoiselle Doban's room and see if she doesn't want any one to keep her company."

"You are right," exclaimed Isabelle, rising. "How selfish of me to have forgotten her! Ill as she was and alone in this frightful storm! Berthe, I will go up with you."

Nestor, who had also risen at the mention of the governess, said:

"No, Isabelle, remain where you are. You two girls would be frightened to death going up the stairs alone. I will accompany Berthe as far as Mademoiselle Doban's room and leave her there."

When the two had left the room, Madame Boursier turned to Jacques de Charmeuse, saying:

"This Mademoiselle Doban is a treasure and we are broken-hearted at the thought that her failing health forces her to leave us. I never had a chance to thank your sister for recommending her to us."

"My sister—which? Madame de Bois-Fleury?"

"Certainly," answered Madame, "since I am not so fortunate as to have met Lady Davanhoe."

Lord Davanhoe turned around from his contemplation of the storm at the mention of that name. Jacques hastened to reply, after casting an uneasy glance toward his brother-in-law:

"I had forgotten that you did not know my elder sister, but how does it come that Madame de Bois-Fleury knew this governess?"

Madame Boursier looked at the young man in surprise, then said:

"Why, was she not her governess before coming here? I am speaking of Mademoiselle Adriana Doban."

"I never heard that name before, Madame. As to my sisters, neither ever had a governess, since immediately after our mother's death both were placed in the convent of the Sacre-Coeur in Paris."

"What!" and Madame Boursier rose from here chair more terrified by this news than she had been by the storm. "Your sister never had a governess! Why, she came here herself to visit the governess about a month after we had hired her because of the high recommendation she had brought from Madame de Bois-Fleury! And now, now, you tell me this is all a lie! Then who is the veiled woman who called herself Madame de Bois-Fleury, who wrote that letter? But, above all, who is this woman who for the last six months has had the care of my daughters?"

Madame Boursier was comically tragic in her consternation, while she talked so rapidly that no one had been able to express his astonishment. Monsieur Boursier was almost as uneasy as his wife about the mysterious governess, while Isabelle recalled with a start Adriana's words when she had told her that the time would soon come when she would know her awful secret.

Lord Davanhoe had listened to the conversation at first with indifference, but the name of Adriana had caused him to start violently, while his eyes flashed with a sudden hope. He took a few steps toward Madame Boursier and when she paused for lack of words to express her indignation, he seized her almost rudely by the arm, asking in panting tones:

"You said her name was Adriana?"

Surprised, almost frightened, by his wild manner and eager eyes, Madame replied:

"Yes, Adriana Doban."

"Describe her," he ordered in quick, terse tones; then before Madame Boursier could open her mouth to reply, he continued: "Was she not tall and queenly, with the face of a Madonna, eyes of midnight darkness, hair black and abundant?"

Jacques had risen and hurrying to his brother-in-law, said soothingly:

"Come, Raymond! Brooding over your troubles will turn your reason. What mad hope has found birth in your diseased mind?"

Trembling, wild, of a ghostly pallor, Lord Davanhoe exclaimed:

"Let me be, Jacques! In Heaven's name let her answer! Is she—does she look like that?"

"Yes, she is very beautiful and her hair and eyes are dark," began Madame Boursier, more astonished than ever.

A cry of delirious joy broke from Lord Davanhoe as he loosened his convulsive hold on her arm. Then, crushed by his emotion, he cried as he sank on a nearby chair:

"I have found her! She is neither false nor dead. Oh God, how can I thank Thee!"

The above scene had been enacted so rapidly that none of the witnesses had been able to move or utter a word and before any one had time to recover from his surprise, Berthe, pale and wild-eyed, rushed into the room, crying:

"She has gone! Mademoiselle Doban has left in this awful storm. She will be killed!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE REVELATION.

Berthe's words caused all the listeners to rise in consternation, shocked as they were by the news that a human creature was alone, battling with the elements, but Lord Davanhoe seemed the one the most effected by the news, for he stared wild-eyed and livid at the young girl, as though his brain could not grasp the awful meaning of her words. Madame de Longville, her daughter and Jacques had hastened to the stricken man as though they feared the extent of the shock would prove greater than his strength. In fact, for a while, such seemed to be the case, for he swayed as though about to fall, his breath came pantingly, while his wild eyes fixed Berthe in an uncomprehensive stare. Suddenly his faculties seemed to return, for with a cry of despair, he rushed to the young girl and questioned breathlessly:

"Gone, gone! Do you mean to say that she is gone?"

Frightened by his disheveled aspect, Berthe stammered:

"Are you speaking of Mademoiselle Doban?"

He nodded his head, unable to utter another word. Berthe answered, as unconsciously she moved away from the man whose wild eyes filled her with terror:

"Yes, she is gone. We have hunted everywhere. She is not in the castle.'

At that moment Nestor appeared at the door. His face had lost much of its wonted color, while his anxious eyes were filled with remorse and dread. He felt guilty. Knowing as he did her tragic secret, he should have warned her in time and not forced her to make her escape during that night of tempest. On seeing him, Lord Davanhoe questioned:

"Have you found her?"

Nestor shook his head, as he answered:

"She is not in the castle. I have looked everywhere. What worries me is to know if she left soon enough before the storm to have reached some place of safety before it broke."

"She pretended to be so ill,' remarked Madame Boursier peevishly. "She was in a swoon which lasted over an hour and from which we feared we could never wake her. I can't see how she could have had the strength to leave. As to the reason of her sudden departure in such weather, it is past all understanding!"

"Oh, I understand!" broke in Lord Davanhoe, with a heart-rending cry. "She left because she did not wish to see me. She risked her life rather than come face to face with the man who loves her to madness."

"Oh, Monsieur!" exclaimed Madame Boursier, shocked by this bold avowal, "you a married man!"

Lord Davanhoe laughed in a nervous, hysterical, heart-breaking way, then remarked:

"You are shocked because you do not know that she is——"

But Jacques hastened to interrupt:

"Raymond," he said, "this is worse than madness. I can guess what mad thought has entered your brain, but it is folly to entertain it for a second. The general description you gave Madame Boursier could apply as well to a thousand women in France who are tall, whose hair and eyes are black."

"But that name of Adriana!" objected Lord Davanhoe.

"It is uncommon in France, I'll admit, but more than one woman in a population of several millions can have a similar given name, even though that name be an unusual one," objected Jacques.

Lord Davanhoe brought his hands to his brow in a gesture which bespoke the tumult of his soul, then he cried:

"Oh, for some way to set these fears at rest, some means to be sure that my heart did not deceive me when a few moments ago it said: 'It is she, you have found her at last!' "

He was such a pitiful sight that Nestor felt it was better he should know the truth and advancing a few steps toward Lord Davanhoe, he said:

"I will set your doubts at rest, Lord Davanhoe. You are not deceived. The lady, who for the last six months has lived in our home as a governess, was indeed your wife, Lady Davanhoe."

Monsieur and Madame Boursier's astonishment was so great that they looked at their son as though they thought he had lost his reason, while Isabelle had now the explanation of what Adriana had meant when she had told her that she would soon know her secret. Jacques, Madame de Longville and her daughter were all three too moved by this unexpected revelation even to think what effect this news would have upon Lord Davanhoe. Berthe alone did not even seem surprised. Her grief at the loss of the governess was so great that nothing else mattered to her.

Lord Davanhoe, after the first moment of overpowering emotion, found his voice enough to ask:

"You knew she was my wife, yet you did not tell me!"

"I had given my word of honor to keep her secret and it surely is not Lord Davanhoe who would blame a gentleman for keeping his word," answered Nestor quietly.

"Never mind that now," and a new fever took possession of Lord Davanhoe. "You can explain later how you came to know her secret. The main thing now is to go to the rescue of the unfortunate whose desire for revenge may have led to death."

"Yes," cried Jacques, "we must find her. Oh, my poor sister! My blind, heart-broken sister. Boursier, Boursier, if you had only told me!" and the two men walked toward the door.

But Nestor barred the way.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is madness! You can not go until the storm abates."

"Not go!" and Lord Davanhoe's eyes blazed fire. "Not go, when I know that the woman I love, my wife, is alone in that frightful storm! Why, Monsieur, there is not a man strong enough to hinder me. Clear the way. Don't, in a mistaken idea of wishing to protect me, cause me to forget that I am your guest."

"He is right," said Jacques, as eager as his brother-in-law to go to the rescue. "It would be cowardly to remain here while we know that a woman is alone battling with the elements, nay, perhaps in need of help! Remember, Nestor, she is to us a wife and a sister."

"I have not forgotten it,' slowly replied the young man without moving a step from the door, "and it is because I do remember that I must enforce my order, that until this storm ceases no one shall leave this room."

"Monsieur," began Lord Davanhoe in threatening tones, but Nestor continued:

"Calm your excitement for an instant, Messieurs, and listen to reason. You wish to find Lady Davanhoe. Very well, but have you the slightest idea what direction she has taken by what road she has fled? During a storm, like the one now raging, you might pass a dozen times by the one you are seeking and not suspect her presence. Your calls would be drowned in the howl of the winds or the crash of the thunder, her cries for help could not be heard even though the rescuers were only a few feet away. To go now would be simply to endanger your own lives without helping her, nay, rather, crippling all future attempts at rescue, since we would have three to seek instead of one and thus divide our forces instead of concentrating them on one search."

Jacques understood the justice of these remarks, for he let himself drop back discouraged on a chair, while his head dropped on his hands:

"He is right! But the agony of waiting! Poor, poor Adriana, alone in this tempest!"

Isabelle, for once forgetting her maidenly reserve in her desire to soothe the young man's grief, went up to him and with a gentle gesture full of tender compassion, caressed his bowed head, saying softly:

"Don't despair, Jacques, God is merciful. He will protect her and she shall be returned safely to you."

Nestor, seeing that Lord Davanhoe hesitated, laid his hand on his shoulder in a compassionate gesture, while he continued:

"Come, Lord Davanhoe, be guided by reason and don't attempt a thing which would result in failure, if not in death! Believe me, if it had been possible to follow her, I would not be here advising inaction, but rather, at the head of you all, as eager as any, I would be seeking for the unfortunate woman whom so short a time ago I swore to protect."

Lord Davanhoe started back, a sudden suspicion flashing through his mind, causing his heart to cease beating in an agony of fear. For a while he remained there speechless, then advancing anew toward the young man, he asked in low, hissing tones:

"You—you are not the man with whom she wrote she had fled, the man she claimed to—" he was choking.

"No," answered Nestor, "no, Lord Davanhoe. You wrong me and you insult her whose only fault was loving you as she did. She sought on finding you false to find a revenge suitable to the offense."

These words were spoken in such low tones that none but Lord Davanhoe could hear them. More surprised than ever, he asked:

"How do you know this?"

"Lady Davanhoe told me herself on the morning after my return home for the summer vacation. I met her in the park and was startled by her striking resemblance to her sister, Madame de Bois-Fleury and she told me the truth."

Lord Davanhoe remained an instant lost in thought, then without another word, he walked to the large French window which opened on the park, and there, with his eyes fixed on the storm without, he remained motionless and rigid.

The minutes passed slowly in the most oppressive silence. No one thought of speaking, all thoughts were fixed upon the possible fate of the unfortunate woman battling alone in the tempest. Suddenly Lord Davanhoe gave a cry and opening wide the windows, he rushed into the night, crying:

"I saw her! I saw her!"

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE STORM.

When Adriana found herself alone, after having recovered from the swoon caused by the unexpected sight of her husband and her brother, she sank utterly crushed upon a chair. So great had been the shock that for a while she could not even think and the minutes passed as she remained in that blissful torpor which gave to her weary heart some seconds of rest.

But suddenly she leaped to her feet with a hoarse cry. He was in the house, he might know that she was here also, then he would come up and she would be forced to see him, to speak to him!

"Never, never!" she cried as she rushed to the door and locked it. "Never will I consent to see him again! Death in preference to that, for I know my weakness, should he plead for pardon. My pride would yield to my love and I should forgive. Yes, that is the reason why I fled from him the first time; it is the reason why I must flee again tonight. Yes, that's it, I must get away from here before they discover my real identity."

She was full of animation now. Nervously she paced the room seeking for the few objects she wished to take with her, talking as she walked:

"I can best make my escape when they are at dinner. The guests will be in the dining-room and the servants in the kitchen. No one will see me."

A knock at the door caused her to start violently and she paused, panting, wild, in the center of the room.

"It is I, Berthe," said a voice without, "I have a letter from my brother Nestor who has just returned home."

Still suspicious, Adriana advanced to the door, but before opening, she asked:

"Berthe, before I open the door, swear to me that you are alone, that this is not a trap."

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"I am alone," replied the young girl, more and more surprised at the governess' strange actions. "What do you fear?"

Instead of replying, Adriana opened the door and Berthe entered. She was more shocked than ever at the awful change those few hours of suffering had brought on the lived face before her, and after giving her the letter she again pleaded to be allowed to remain with the governess.

"No, Berthe," firmly replied Adriana, "all I need is rest. I was just going to lie down when you entered. I shall be entirely well after a good night's rest," and after kissing her pupil again, Adriana pushed her from the room and locked the door.

Once alone she hastened to read Nestor's letter. It brought to her some feeling of security, but it did not entirely allay her fears, for she said:

"He will do the best he can to protect me, of that I am sure, but let Lord Davanhoe suspect who I am and nothing short of death would stop him from seeing me. No, my plan is the best—I must escape before it is too late."

Her preparations were soon completed and she sat down to wait for the second dinner-bell; then she would make her escape and leave forever this home where she was learning to forget her misery. The thought of her pupils, whom she had learned to love so deeply, brought hot tears to her eyes and she murmured sadly:

"They will regret my departure, for I believe I have succeeded in winning their esteem, if not their love. What will they think when they know all? Berthe, I know, will approve of anything I do, but Isabelle, with her straight-laced ideas of right and wrong, will she approve my action? Will she not think that I have failed in my duty and have allowed my resentment to carry me too far?"

For a while she thought, then rising, a determined light in her eyes, she cried half-aloud as she walked nervously to the desk and took out writing materials.

"No, she will not blame me, since I will write as a farewell to her and a warning to Jacques just what I have suffered and what were the feelings of dying love, of wounded pride and outraged wifehood which forced me to leave the man who had betrayed my trust."

Rapidly she wrote, and as page after page was filled with the innermost feelings of her broken heart, her face assumed the varied expressions of the thoughts her pen traced. At last, with a sigh, she threw down her pen and gathering the scattered pages, folded them and sealed them in an envelope without rereading. This she addressed to Isabelle and, rising, walked to the window. The night was dark and the rolling banks of clouds which obscured the stars spoke of the coming tempest. But the storm, which at another time would have filled her with terror, she welcomed with joy, for it was in harmony with the tempest of her own heart.

At last the dinner-bell sounded. She stepped out into the hall and waited until the guests were in the dining-room and the servants had gone to the kitchen. Then, cautiously, her breath bated, her heart swelling with emotion, she descended the stairs and noiselessly opened the door and was out in the pitchy darkness of the night. Still she was not afraid. The darkness about her filled her with a delightful sense of security, while the silence of the storm-laden air hushed for an instant the despairing throbbings of her heart.

As she passed by the lighted windows of the dining-room, a maddening desire to look in, to see them all again before she left their lives forever, seized her. She tried to resist, but in vain. Those lighted windows attracted her as a light does the the moth. Nearer and nearer she drew, then, at the risk of being seen, she raised herself on the tips of her toes and looked in. A cry died in her throat. The first face her eyes had encountered was that of her husband who sat facing the window. How changed it was, how pale and sorrow-laden! What awful misery in the eyes! For an instant she remained spellbound by the sight, the next she had loosened her hold on the window-sill and was running wildly down the avenue, not knowing where she went, fleeing from the phantom of the wreck her unholy vengeance had made of the man she had promised to love, honor and obey.

The storm broke, but she did not heed it, the lightning flashed around her and she laughed—the laugh of madness. To the voice of the thunder she hurled back the screams of her despair. On she ran. The wind pushed her along, buffeting her face and scattering about her strands of her loosened hair. The rain poured down in torrents, but she did not even feel the wet which had already soaked her clothes. In the unnatural excitement of her overwrought nerves, all the minor events of life were annulled. She could think of nothing, see nothing but that face on which sorrow had left so deep a mark.

On she ran, straight before her, little knowing or caring where she went. A more furious gust of wind hurled her to the ground, but she rose again and continued her mad run, panting, her strength fast giving away under the awful strain of her battle against the elements. Again she fell and this time it was with more difficulty that she regained her footing on the slippery ground and resumed her progress. At last it was impossible for her to go farther, and breathless, spent both in body and in spirit, she sank at the foot of a great oak and lay there on the ground unable to rise.

"Is this death?" the pale lips murmured. Then, as her consciousness seemed leaving her entirely, she whispered with a last breath, "Raymond, I pardon."

CHAPTER XVI.

FOUND.

When Jacques de Charmeuse saw his brother-in-law disappear through the French window after making the sensational announcement that he had seen the missing woman, he rushed to the window and would have followed him, had not Nestor pulled him back, saying:

"What are you going to do, Charmeuse? Follow that madman and perhaps add another victim to this night's tragedy?"

"But he said that he saw her!"

"Simply an hallucination of an overwrought brain, that is all," replied Nestor as he closed the window. "Lord Davanhoe must have left while we were at dinner and must have been some distance before the storm broke. How could any one posted by this window see more than three or four rods, if he could see that far? No, my poor Jacques, Lord Davanhoe did not see your sister, but he has gone, which will make our future search all the more difficult."

"But this inactivity is killing me," and de Charmeuse walked back and forth about the room. "When I think that a woman is out there alone in the storm and that woman is my sister it is enough to drive me mad. A thousand times would I rather be out there facing the tempest than to remain here sheltered and inactive."

Nestor, who had been looking out into the night, saw that the storm had abated and that it would soon be possible for them to start the search, so he turned to Jacques saying:

"Very well let us get ready, then we will see what we can do."

The women crowded about the two young men who had walked to the door followed by Monsieur Boursier, and tried to detain them, fearing in the awful nervousness of the hour, that harm would befall them. Some time was consumed in pacifying them, Nestor assuring them that it would be some time before they would be ready and that the storm would have ceased by that time. To his mother he said:

"Mother, have the servants build a fire in the governess' room and have the bed warmed. Out in the rain for two hours she will be chilled to the bone." His father he asked to telephone for the doctor in case his services might be required.

Then followed by Jacques he went to the kitchen where the servants were assembled and ordered the men to get their overcoats and prepare to take part in the hunt for the missing woman. His instructions were given in a clear, concise manner, for all the poignant emotion of the first moments had given way to the grim resolution to find the unfortunate and save her life, if it was not already too late.

While the servants were carrying out his orders, lighting the lanterns and preparing for the search, he conducted Jacques to his room and forced him to change his evening suit for a leather hunting costume through which the rain would not penetrate.

This done the young men descended into the hall below where the servants were already waiting for them with the pale and frightened girls, whose fears Madame de Longville sought to pacify, though her own heart was full of misgivings.

Monsieur Boursier, after telephoning for the doctor and receiving the reply that he would come as soon as the storm had abated enough to make traveling possible, had gone to his room and changed his clothes. When the young men descended, they found him booted and clothed, waiting for them.

"Why, father, you are not going!" exclaimed Nestor upon seeing him. "Some one must remain with the ladies."

"Then let it be some one else," replied Monsieur Boursier with such determination in his tones that there was no opposing him. "I will not. I thought too much of that poor girl not to assist in the search."

Nestor did not argue further, but rapidly began giving his instructions to the little party composed of the five servants, his father, Jacques and himself. They would divide in four parties, each going in a different direction, each supplied with a hunting horn which they would blow at regular intervals. Should one of the parties succeed in locating the missing woman, three blasts of the trumpet repeated three times would announce the fact and call the others to their assistance, while one of the men in the party would return at once to the castle and ring the chapel bell, in case the blasts of the trumpet had not been heard.

At last everything was ready and Nestor who with Jacques was to form one of the searching parties, was walking to the door, when it opened from without and Lord Davanhoe, livid, soaked to the skin, but carrying his wife's unconscious form in his arms, staggered blindly into the hall, his strength leaving him now that he had reached the goal.

His precious burden was taken from him, and as he sank exhausted on a divan, he murmured weakly:

"I found her, found her at last!"

The commotion caused by this unexpected return was great and Madame Boursier who had gone upstairs to personally superintend the arranging of her best guest-chamber, hastened immediately to descend and have the still unconscious woman brought up to the room in which a bright fire already burned. Within a few moments she and Madame de Longville, with the assistance of the former's maid, had Adriana disrobed and laid in the bed. After that they tried the usual remedies to restore consciousness, but to no avail, and, though a slight quiver in the region of the heart indicated life, Lady Davanhoe still retained the impassive rigidity of a corpse. Seeing that nothing could be done, Madam de Longville knelt by the bedside of her favorite niece and, lost in prayers, she waited until it would be possible for the doctor to come. Madame Boursier and the maid, however, kept on rubbing the rigid limbs and administering salts and the usual remedies in such cases.

Meanwhile in the hall below all had crowded around Lord Davanhoe, who sat crushed and panting on a chair. After forcing him to drink some brandy, Nestor insisted that he should change his clothes before he told them the story of the search. The three girls had followed when Lady Davanhoe had been carried upstairs and now in the hall before the door of the room from which they been excluded, they waited clasped in each other's arms, awed and trembling because of all these stirring events which had followed one another in such rapid succession.

Lord Davanhoe had allowed his clothes to be changed for dry ones with the docility of a child. It seemed that all his thoughts, his very life, was centered in the one sentence he kept repeating:

"She is not dead—I know she is not dead."

After a while he had recovered sufficiently from the terrible experience he had been through to be able to tell the three men how he had found his wife:

"As I stood by the window," he began in a slow, unemotional manner, "looking at that awful storm, my heart torn with remorse and anguish to think that it was because of me that the unfortunate girl was out there alone, I saw, or thought I saw, during one of those blinding flashes of lightning, a black figure outstretched at the foot of a giant oak and the white face which was upturned to the threatening skies was that of my wife. The vision lasted but an instant, but I had opened the windows and rushed into the night, certain that the kindly providence which had enabled me to see that vision would guide my steps to where she lay and permit me to bring her safely back to the castle. And strange as it may seem to a skeptical mind, as I walked in the darkness of the night or staggered on blinded by the glare of the lightning, I seemed to feel some unseen power pushing me forward, guiding my steps to where she was, answering in so doing the passionate prayer which I had uttered to Heaven from the very depths of my soul. And when at last I did find her by the aid of the lightning, I was able to see that she was in just the position, at the foot of the same tree I had beheld in my vision a short time before. How, in spite of the wind, which I had to face, of the darkness which became more intense as the lightning became less frequent, the slippery ground and beating rain, I was able to carry her to the castle, is another proof that tonight I was aided by a power above that of humanity."

He ceased speaking, for carriage wheels on the gravel of the court below announced the arrival of the doctor, who had come as soon as the storm had ceased. He hastened at once to the room where Lady Davanhoe lay, after addressing a few hurried questions to the four men. While the others with anxious faces took seats to await the physician's verdict, Lord Davanhoe murmured more to himself than to the others:

"She will not die—I know she will not die!"

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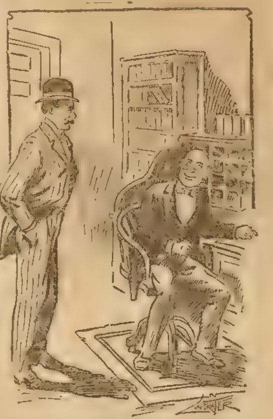

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Barker—Sure! I am a divorce lawyer.

Harker—And you believe in making as many grass widows as you can?

Barker—Oh, yes, I believe in "making hay while the sun shines."

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"Old bird!" ejaculated the foolish man, "I think your time has come. Golden eggs are no longer popular. Why can't you lay gold bricks?"

"Because, master," replied the goose, "I don't belong to the bricklayers' union."

And then the ax fell.

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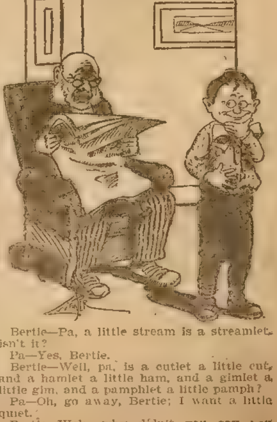

Bertie—Pa, a little stream is a streamlet, isn't it?

Pa—Yes, Bertie.

Bertie—Well, pa, is a cutlet a little cut, and a hamlet a little ham, and a gimlet a little gim, and a pamphlet a little pamph?

Pa—Oh, go away, Bertie; I want a little quiet.

Bertie—Well, why didn't you say you wanted a quietlet?

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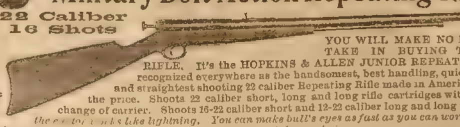

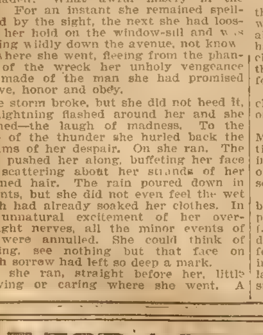

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CHAPTER I.

THE TWO CHUMS.

The great Sanders Brothers circus was in town, and that section of Michigan fairly seethed with excitement.

All the neighboring board fences were plastered with wonderful colored posters describing the thrilling events that might be witnessed under the canvas at half a dollar a head.

And amidst all these grand things that held the rustics spellbound, doubtless the balloon ascension was accounted the chief event.

Lions and elephants were all very well in their way, and even bareback riders might arouse more or less enthusiasm, but for pure, unadulterated daring, the exploits of the two young aeronauts who daily performed all manner of clever gymnastic feats while soaring aloft toward the clouds, took the audience by storm.

The leading spirit of this venturesome couple was a lad whom the wonderful posters called Balloon Bob.

He had once been a pretty good bareback rider with this same colossal aggregations of wonders, but this sort of life seemed much too tame to suit the cravings of his bold spirit.

Accordingly Bob had allied himself with the parachute performer, and it was not long before they made up a team that it would have been hard to equal in this whole wide country.

Nor was this change of vocation altogether a freak on the young fellow's part.

He had long been fascinated by everything connected with ballooning—flying machines were his especial hobby, and doubtless in imagination Bob had even discovered the North Pole through the medium of that marvelous voyager by the upper air currents which he expected to invent at some day more or less remote.

It thrilled him to even think of solving many of Nature's most profound secrets through being able to circumnavigate the regions of space and go where mortal man had never before ventured.

His chum, a modest lad, known simply as Parachute Pete, was also a good fellow, plain of speech and absolutely without fear.

Pete was perfectly at home in all that pertained to his perilous business, but he lacked those commanding qualities possessed by Bob, and which promised to some day land him in the front rank of scientific men.

At any rate they made a wonderfully good team of thoroughbreds, and their startling act created such a furore among the crowds attending the daily show, that already had their salary been twice doubled by the proprietors in order to make sure of holding them, since they refused utterly to be bound by a contract.

Bob had some pretty big ideas tucked away in the corners of his brain, and the time had about come when he felt that he was in a condition to ventilate them.

On this particular night the two chums were lounging in their dressing tent (which also served them for sleeping accommodations) and talking over various matters in which they had so deep an interest.

The flight that afternoon had been unusually daring, and when the young athletes landed successfully with their twin parachutes, the wild applause had been wafted to their ears from the distant fair grounds, even while they hunted for the collapsed balloon close by.

Of course they were feeling elated, if weary, for the applause of the multitude is always gratifying to public performers, especially the young, who have not had time to grow cynical.

Even such nomads as these parachute athletes may enjoy the pleasures of home, and while they lived under canvas during the course of their summer wanderings, the interior of their house tent gave evidence of more or less solid comfort.

There was even a little oil stove upon which they were wont to cook their meals on such occasions when no hotel happened to be handy.

Tonight, however, they had dined sumptuously at a neighboring restaurant.

The air was unusually warm for Michigan, and on this account they could congratulate themselves upon shirking the necessity for a fire which must have rendered the atmosphere within the tent almost unbearable.

One accustomed to studying faces might have seen much that was thoughtful in that strong young countenance of Balloon Bob.

Indeed, the boy had enough matters of weighty importance upon his mind to make him look serious.

There had always been a mystery connected with his past life, a something intangible in connection with his right to the name he bore, that had given him no peace ever since he was old enough to grasp its significance.

To be plain, Bob did not know who he was.

A stray, a waif cast upon the ocean of life, he had rubbed up against some tough propositions for one so young.

Naturally, the older he grew the fiercer burned that desire to learn whence he came and whom his parents were.

He had no romantic aspirations in the line of noble ancestors, not being given to reading stories that were apt to inflame the imagination.

Quite sufficient would poor Bob have deemed it could he have found himself the son of respectable people.

What he wanted was just to know—to feel that he had a hold upon some one on this earth, and was not what he had always seemed, a floating derelict belonging nowhere, abandoned by captain and crew, and left to his fate.

No one with a home to call his own, and a father and mother to care for him, can imagine the distress of mind this boy experienced during the long nights when he lay awake upon his cot, his brain searching the dark past for a clue that might lead him to a discovery.

More than once he had seemed on the point of grasping an intangible something, only to have it fade away into blankness

Still, he did not wholly despair.

Such a nature could never abandon a fancy upon which the heart was set.

Though he rarely spoke of his mother to Pete, that good natured, wholesome lad in secret sympathized with him.

Of course it was a matter of individual taste as to whether the knowledge of one's parentage brought anything like satisfaction.

Secretly Pete was inclined to draw a veil over his own recollections of the past.

These included drunken brawls in the tenement where his tender years had been spent, and truth to tell, the lad's father had died in prison, having been concerned in a savage encounter during which Pete's maternal ancestor was knocked on the head with a bottle.

However, Pete had known of boys who were in a position to feel some pride in their family relations and hence he entertained hopes that if Bob ever discovered his parents the latter at least would not be in jail.

On this particular night the boys were not allowing themselves to think of these unpleasant features connected with their past

They had reason to feel more or less satisfaction over a certain fact, a consummation of their hopes, toward which they had been looking forward these many weeks.

Nor was their elation unalloyed.

There hovered about them elements of trouble from several sources.

Bob had made a bitter enemy in one Signor Carasini, an Italian artist connected with the show, who claimed to be the champion bareback rider of the universe.

There seemed to have always been a natural antipathy between them, ever since meeting two seasons previously.

Perhaps it had sprung from jealousy on the part of the fiery Italian, who would not tamely submit to a rival in his chosen field.

Bob could never fully understand his own feelings in the matter.

It seemed to him as though this man must in some way be connected with his own dark past, and even though his better sense denounced this idea as absurd, it returned again and again to haunt him.

Then there was another cause for bad blood between them.

The eternal feminine crept in.

In this case it was only a little girl who went by the name of "La Petite Barbara" upon the show bills; for this season she had been doing some very clever horseback riding in conjunction with the athletic signor.

He called her his child, but no one believed it, for she was blue-eyed and golden-haired, while he was as swarthy and morose as they are to be found over on the Calabrian coast.

Bob had been strangely attracted toward Barbara, but the signor for some reason frowned upon their having intercourse, so what little Bob knew of her past he had learned through Parachute Pete, who had gained her confidence unbeknown to the surly signor.

There was also another enemy for Bob, connected with the big show.

This was the aeronaut under whose general directions the ascensions had been made, one Professor Baxter, who had long evinced the keenest jealousy toward the lad, and never hesitated to run him down as a young fool whose head had been badly swollen by reason of a few slight successes.

This old man of science was vindictive, and when Pete reported that several times he had seen him in earnest consultation with the Italian, it was safe to suspect there must be trouble brewing along the horizon.

"Never mind," said Bob cheerily, as he pored over a map of Michigan with the eager air of one who was laying out a course of travel, "we will give them all the good-by any day now. The show stays here a week because it's the best place in Michigan for crowds. And long before that time is up we will have flown."

His chum involuntarily looked around.

They had kept this matter a secret so long that somehow he had fallen into this way of caution whenever it was mentioned.

"You said you had made all arrangements for setting it up, Bob?" he asked eagerly.

"Everything has been settled."

"Even to the gas?"

"Even to the gas."

"Bully! I don't know how I'm going to stand it from now on. Think of what a jolly trip it will be. And how we'll have the laugh on that dried up little old profess' Why, he won't be in the same class with Bob and Pete, balloonists! Parachutes and hot-air bags are good enough for some fellows, but genius—that's us, Bob—aims at higher things. Perhaps we'll make only one more tame ascent before a gaping crowd of country yahoos, and then, hurrah!"

Pete stopped suddenly in his exultant glorification, for he had seen his companion make a movement of his hand to indicate that he had reason to believe there was a secret listener to their conversation.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN WHO LISTENED.

Pete knew what this signal meant.

More than once had they believed some one hovered around in the vicinity of their tent while they were engaged in discussing those ambitious plans which they entertained in connection with a balloon flight over the peninsula of Upper Michigan.

Pete became alert at once.

He reached out his hand and clutched some object that lay suspiciously near.

This proved to be a baseball bat, for the spirit of the national game had invaded the ranks of the great circus, and on several occasions quite lively games had taken place.

So Pete wagged his head and winked his eye toward his friend, as he began to shift his position, edging toward the exit.

Bob, knowing that silence might alarm the eavesdropper, even if he were not already in retreat, continued to talk as though to his chum, and rattled the map at times as if engaged in an earnest task.

He had his head raised, and his whole attitude was one of expectancy, for Pete had managed to crawl out of the tent, and there was a chance of "something doing" if he could but surprise the sneak at his job.

As the tents of the circus were close at hand, all sorts of subdued sounds could be heard did one take the troube to listen—the complaints of the animals in the menagerie, the voices of canvas men over their suppers, the gathering of crowds for the evening performance, the noises connected with a big State fair—all these formed a general confusion that was not unlike a chorus, or the growl of the surf upon the shore sands.

Suddenly the general clamor was punctuated by a shrill, discordant scream.

Bob sprang from his seat, for the canvas at one side of the tent was violently agitated.

Then came a second dull blow, followed by another furious outcry.

Pete broke out into a loud laugh, there were hurried footsteps all around, some gruff voices, a few hard words from the canvas men, after which they joined in the hilarity.

"All over," said Bob, grinning amiably, "and I guess Pete hit him for fair that time. Perhaps he'll think it healthy to stay away from our tent after this, the sneak. Wonder who it was? I thought there was something familiar in the voice, though it's hard to believe he would descend so low. Hello! here's Pete again. So the conquering hero comes."

Pete also grinned as he cast the baseball bat upon the ground.

"Oh! what a beaut. I fetched him the second time—just as he was bending over to get on his feet. I reckon he'll be a little stiff around the joints after tonight. It was a home run drive, all right, Bob," he said, laughing until he had to hold his sides.

"Served the cur right. What business had he to listen? I'm only sorry I couldn't give him the toe of my boot, too. Did he run?"

"Did he run? Say, he just flew! Never knew what hit him, but was as scared as if lightning had struck him. And how he swore! Luckily, no one could understand a word, for it was in Italian," remarked the owner of the bat.

"What! do you think it was the signor?" exclaimed Bob, looking sober

"I couldn't see for sure, but the voice was his, and then the Italian swear words, who would speak that way but him?"

"We have Italians among the canvas men."

"None who can swear as smoothly as that scowling signor. For proof, watch him tomorrow. If I landed on him with that second whack, I bet you'll see a limp in his walk, all right. For the life of him he can't help showing it," declared Pete, who seemed to consider the whole matter in the light of a joke, such was his carefree disposition.

Bob scented fresh trouble.

"If that was the revengeful signor you belted with that old wagon spoke, you can better believe he'll have it in for you, my boy, good and warm," he said, nodding his head seriously.

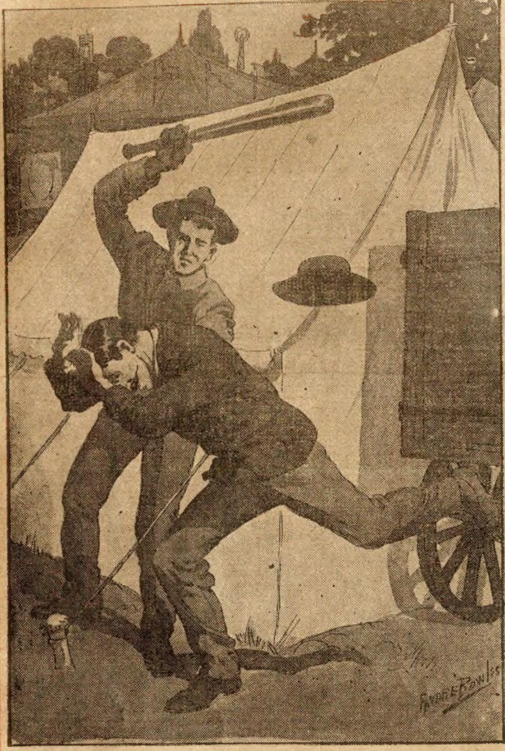
"Oh, well, I'll keep my eye on the dago and see that he gets no chance to meddle with the cords of our apparatus. I guess it wouldn't be very nice to find our parachutes no good when up half a mile, and going higher, to fall like lead when the hot air gave out, eh, Bob?"

"Well, hardly. I don't hanker after such an experience, I tell you. But that fellow wouldn't hesitate at anything for revenge. These Italians all carry a stiletto, I've heard say. Take care about going around alone after dark, old fellow."

"That doesn't worry me as much as some other things, hang it," confessed Pete, ceasing to laugh.

"What are they?" asked his comrade, although he could himself give a good guess.

"Well, he must have heard us talking."



It was the signor.

"I'm afraid so."

"And we gave away pretty much our whole secret. He knows we've got a balloon here in town, and mean to make an ascent any day now," continued Pete.

"It's too bad, but there's no doubt of it."

"And just as like as not the miserable dago, egged on by that jealous old Baxter, will find out where we keep the big gas bag, and slash it into ribbons with his knife. Wouldn't that be just like him, Bob, tell me—I'm from Missouri, you know, and I have to be told."

"That's his nature, sure pop. Looks like we won't have the clear sailing we expected, Peter. Clouds begin to rise and a storm seems brewing. If we could only cut loose and leave the old professor and his tool behind, we'd be all right. But somehow I'm afraid no such good luck is coming our way."

"Say, don't look on the blue side, Bob. Cheer up, old chap. I tell you we're bound to win out, in spite of these curs that hang around and yap at our heels. Here's what we can do—just abandon this shack and take up our quarters in the yard where the big bag is stored."

"That's all right, but how about the time we're going up each day? You can bet if any dirty work is on tap that's when they'll try to bring it about. Am I right, Peter?" asked the other, folding the map and stowing it away in a small bag that seemed to hold various things useful to the daring voyager of the clouds

"Correct, my boy, but I know the man to leave in charge while we're away, and you can rest easy there'll be no damage done while he stands sentry. Now, if we're going to vamose, the sooner we pack up and have our stuff carried over the better. When we're ready I'll get a wagon."

"You mean I will. It isn't safe for you to wander around after dark, my home-run friend. Some one has too warm a feeling for you, and cold steel comes cheap," said Bob in the convincing way his chum never disputed.

"All right. But to work here. Lucky for us we're used to sudden moves, and know how to pack our duffle in three shakes of a lamb's tail. Here goes then, old pard."

Pete was something of a hustler in everything he undertook—as his comrade said, there was not a lazy bone in his whole body, and when the spirit moved, he could accomplish wonders in a given time.

In less than half an hour their possessions had been packed away in the receptacles intended to hold the same.

Then the tent was struck.

Like all canvas connected with a traveling show, it was arranged for speedy flitting, and almost like magic it came down.

Some curiosity was evinced on the part of the hangers-on; but most of them knew the parachute athletes' liking for solitude, and supposed they had realized their mistake in placing their tent so near the stables and mess room, and were rectifying the error by a speedy move.

The boys were prime favorites with the rough canvas men, and when they rode away in the wagon with their outfit they sent back joking answers to the questions shouted after them.

On the outskirts of the town was an enclosed yard connected with a cottage.

Here their tent went up again, close beside a large canvas package that seemed to contain something of value, to judge from the secure manner of its packing.

The owner of the cottage assisted them to get things to rights with considerable enthusiasm, for as he was in their secret he entered into the spirit of the game.

Besides, to the mind of the average layman there was much to arouse curiosity in the strange belongings of these daring lads, who daily risked their lives upon the trapeze thousands of feet in the air, and, their performance ended, sailed back to solid earth with their twin parachutes like a pair of feathers at the mercy of the wind.

CHAPTER III.

THE HIGHEST TRAPEZE IN THE WORLD.

This was the date of their last ascent, according to their engagement with the Sanders Brothers.

In vain had the great showmen pleaded with them to continue, offering a still further increase of salary as an inducement.

Balloon Bob could not be moved.

Their under-studies must hereafter come to the front, for a time at least, and do the best they knew how with hot-air balloon and twin parachutes.

"Perhaps," said Bob, finally, "when we have made our balloon flight, we may return and finish the season with you, sir; but remember, I'm making no promises. Besides, to tell you the truth, it isn't any too healthy for us here since we've made enemies of the signor and Baxter. We don't fancy the Italian, and for one I wouldn't put it past him to do us a bad turn—meddle with our apparatus, so that we couldn't come down with our wings, but must sail on into the clouds and finally drop a mile like two stones. Yes, we feel safer away, sir."

The circus man even went so far as to say he would immediately get rid of both the objectionable characters (for he already knew in secret that the signor and Baxter were about to quit), but Bob only laughed.

Sorry, Mr. Sanders, but our minds are made up on this matter. We have our balloon here in town, and it's good-by for us as soon as things look favorable."

So matters rested on this afternoon when the two gymnasts were booked to ascend for the last time on their flying trapeze.

Bob, remembering what he had himself said about the revengeful nature of the Italian, carefully examined and tested every bit of the apparatus connected with the hot air balloon, together with the twin parachutes, even to making sure these latter were in condition to break loose at the proper time.

He was relieved to find things in perfect condition, for it had worried him a bit when the attendant confessed that the signor had been present with Professor Baxter that morning when the old aeronaut overhauled the apparatus connected with his department, for he still had the balloon business under his charge.

Pete vowed the signor meant mischief.

"Test everything again just before we go up, partner," he said in a low tone, as the men were inflating the balloon with hot air; "I wouldn't put it past the old villain to soak a rope in some acid that would eat it apart after a certain time. I don't want to collect my life insurance money yet."

Bob felt pretty much the same way, and again carefully went over every inch of rope, every strap and catch.

"Nothing doing, eh?" asked Pete, for the time had come to ascend, and a vast concourse of eager patrons had gathered inside the fair grounds.

"Can't find a thing wrong. Guess we did our friend an injustice that time. He must have had a good laugh to see how nervous we were looking at every little joint. Well, buck up now, my boy. They're waiting for us to give the signal. This is our last exhibition—we ought to outdo all others," said Bob.

"And we will. Tomorrow, when they see those two greenies perform the crowd will laugh and call it a joke. Neither of 'em has the heart of a mouse, and will never be a shining mark as a cloud gymnast. I'm all ready when you are, Bob."

"Good. Then here goes!"

Balloon Bob made a signal to the men.

Well trained, they immediately let go of the ropes that held the great hot air bag down.

It shot straight upward with a rush, the two trapeze performers being seated in their respective swings, for not until they had reached a certain distance were they to go through with those amazing exhibitions of pluck and skill that always caused hearts to turn cold with apprehension.

As usual a mighty shout welled up from the great throng as the balloon carried the parachute boys toward the sky.

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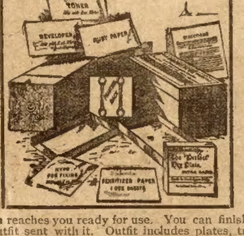

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So rapid was their ascent in its initial velocity that this noise almost immediately lessened in volume—that is, it appeared to the gymnasts in that light.

The rushing of the air through which they were dragged was like the roar of angry waters.

Pete was looking aloft, while Bob kept his eyes turned downward.

Everything seemed to be working smoothly, so that Pete was amazed to hear his comrade give vent to a sudden shout of alarm.

Turning upon him he saw that Bob was now anxiously scanning the great swaying bulk above.

"I guess he let it get too far away or else he's a poor shot," was what Bob shouted.

"What's that?" bellowed Pete, the rushing of air still in his ears, though their upward progress was not now so rapid.

"The signor—I saw him on the roof of that house—he had a gun, and he fired up at us. Thought a puncture might cause a rip in the hot air bag. That was why I tossed your parachute bar over to you. We might have had to let go in a hurry. Guess it's all right now."

Bob jerked these sentences out with an effort, and Pete laughed—Pete, who could not be easily frightened by any ordinary peril.

"The signor is onto his job, all right. Ain't he the holy terror, though. Ginger! I'll be glad to lose him when we skip out," he shouted.

"If we can. Some fellows won't stay lost, that's the trouble. But it's about time we started our stunts, old boy."

They were very far up.

The fair grounds, with the circus tents, looked as though they were a mile distant, and the great crowd like a collection of ants.

As calmly as though on a trapeze close to the sawdust ring of the circus, with a life-net underneath to catch them if they fell, these two venturesome lads proceeded to go through with a series of athletic feats that chilled the blood of those who gazed upward through all manner of small telescopes, opera glasses and those for field use.

It was a feat never before equaled, and which drew enormous crowds, for though this part of it could be seen from without the gates, most persons felt a strong desire to actually come in contact with the daring cloud gymnasts ere they ascended.

And nothing gave way as Bob had feared.

When they had finished their gymnastic performance they prepared to cut loose.

It was a fearful fall, and with practiced eyes they could guess pretty well where they would be apt to land.

Down shot Bob like a plummet, and as his parachute opened, Pete completed his task and followed suit, the big bag careening over, and the hot air, together with the smoke, escaping.

The boys were not fifty feet apart as they drifted downward, and, as usual, they exchanged remarks and cracked jokes after the manner of those who have just passed through a severe mental and physical strain.

This is always the pleasant part of a parachute performer's business.

A little swinging to and fro enables him to avoid landing in a tree, and having secured the balloon, which falls nearby, he only awaits the coming of the wagon that will pack the apparatus back to the point of departure.

And when our boys rode into the fair grounds, just in the gloaming, a swarthy face grew darker, and a pair of evil eyes watched their coming with anything but pleasure.

This extremely interesting story of youthful adventures in ballooning will be continued in next week's Ledger. This story is filled with excitement and dangerous situations, and if you do not read it to the end you will miss a great deal that is splendidly entertaining. Would you like our fine cameras without cost, or six of our fine spring patterns entirely free? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium announcements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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Father's getting rich:
All his risks are paying greatly,
Sister's looking rather stately,
But our woes will soon be doubled,
Mother's looking badly troubled—
Father's getting rich.

Shame and sorrow soon must follow—
Father's getting rich;
We'll have wealth in which to wallow;
Mother's cheeks are getting hollow;
Long we've diligently sought it;
Now they'll ask us how we got it—
Father's getting rich.

Mere Man.

"Yes, Katharine, it was the ultra-fashionable wedding of the winter."

"Indeed!"

"You should have seen the gorgeous wedding gown worn by the bride. The flowers were the costliest that could be bought."

"Really!"

"And then the jewels and furs of those invited! The display was dazzling."

"Gracious! And there was nothing cheap looking at the wedding?"

"Nothing looked cheap except the poor abashed bridegroom."

Women should have but little use for minds and complexions if it were impossible to change them.

The Treasure Bearers.

[Continued from Page Five.]

"We are on our way to the lodges of our people at Portage Nu and Lake Namekan, but money is good and we will do your bidding. You shall go to the Point."

The speaker came nearer and Severn was soon aboard. Then the canoe was turned back and started for the Point.

On the way Roger did some thinking and took heed to possibilities. Learning that his guide was an Iroquois, and seeing that he was a bold, intelligent looking man, he asked him if, on his arrival at Fort Frances, he would inform the chief trader that Roger Severn besought his aid at once, and that, there, or at Portage Nu, or as soon as possible, the Iroquois would himself gather a boat-crew of his own band and hasten back to enter Severn's service indefinitely.

Certain details being given, the compact was duly made, and the Indian was evidently much pleased to look forward to such service. The partisan himself feared that all his planning would be too late, but it would do no harm to look ahead.

The promise of an additional pound had spurred the Iroquois on to do his best, and they went rapidly on their way. When the paddler tired Roger himself took the blade, and Beaver-tail Point was sighted sooner than was to be expected.

It was unknown land to the partisan, but Torbex, as the Indian was called, knew the western half of the projecting region, and was not at a loss.

As they neared the place the partisan looked with the keenest attention, but silence and stillness were over the point. The canoe was sent ashore exactly where Torbex said the boat had been, and the landing was no sooner made than confirmation was found of this statement.

Footprints were numerous.

Presently the searchers were by the remains of the fire, but it was already old. Burned low, it had gone out and left only ashes. Accompanied by Torbex, the partisan hastened to the remoter parts of the narrow land, and shouts were added to the investigation made by means of their eyes.

The point was untenanted except by themselves.

Roger was nearly as good a woodsman as the Iroquois himself, and they set to work to read the "sign." They found where the party had landed and ascended the rising bank to the pines, where their fire had been fed from adjacent places, and where the men had eaten and smoked. Bits of pemmican had been cast away, and pipes had been emptied. More, it was found where they had spread and occupied their blankets.

The first real discovery was of a button which, Roger knew, was like those worn on Helen's masculine coat. That proved who the campers had been.

An attempt was made to learn something about the launching of the boat, but this was frustrated by the fact that the voyageurs had gone back and forth so many times that the ground was thickly trodden.

Next, several trails which led away from camp were followed. One, and Severn recognized Korway's footprints, led to the north side of the point and then returned, but at its remoter terminus he had stood some time and talked with another man. That this was a voyageur was probable, but the tracks were not known to Roger.

This set of tracks led away to the east, or toward the mainland.

From this spot the searchers turned back and moved straight across the point, thus seeking a place not before examined. They were nearing the water when Torbex suddenly paused. Roger saw him gaze fixedly downward, and the partisan hastened to join him.

The Iroquois silently pointed.

"More footprints," said Severn.

"What else?" asked Torbex.

"Ha! there has been a fight here! Men struggled fiercely."

"Good, good!" exclaimed the Indian, his eyes sparkling. "I wish I had been here!"

Roger went down on his hands and knees. He studied the tracks intently. One set of footprints he recognized; they were those of Peter Korway. He looked in vain for those of Helen and David.

"Iroquois," he pursued, "how many were in this fight?"

Torbex scanned the earth closely.

"One man," he finally returned, "was attacked by several. He was brave and strong; he long kept them off. They were four. Anon they overcame him. See!—here is where they threw him down, breaking the bushes and bruising the moss. Even the pine needles are scraped aside by his struggles after that. But they must have had him helpless."

"And then?"

Roger's skill enabled him to read for himself all that the Indian explained, but he was glad to have his discoveries thus seconded. Glad, yet sorry, for all this went to show that covert hostility had expanded into open violence. Where was Helen?—where was the treasure?

His heart was heavy. Thoughts of the treasure flitted through his mind at intervals, but Helen was always there. What had happened to her? Where was she then? What calamity had befallen her? What had been her experience with those who knew no mercy?

Torbex did not answer the last question. Instead, he began moving eastward. Roger kept by his side. Step by step they proceeded until the land had narrowed and was only a connecting link with the remoter mainland. It was a peculiar strip, with sand on one side and a narrow wall of ledge on the other, and a hedge-like row of bushes through the middle.

The Indian paused, scowled and swept every adjacent point with a quick, keen glance.

"All sets of tracks turn back here but one," said Severn.

"All but one," the Iroquois repeated.

He was plainly perplexed, but, wheeling, he followed the larger trail. It led to the water, and there ended.

Torbex was stirred out of his usual calm. His eyes sparkled and his figure was full of willowy lightness. Roger perceived that something had attracted his attention that was out of the ordinary run, or that he had an important idea.

"Come!" the Indian directed.

He led the way to the rocks before mentioned, and, stepping upon them, walked along this natural road for some yards. Roger kept at his heels. Then Torbex paused.

"Look!" he spoke quickly.

He pointed to the water below them. It was beating lightly against the ledge, gurgling as it touched the repelling wall. There it was but a few feet deep, but mud covered its bed and the water looked black. Severn obeyed the injunction, and then started violently.

A human body was heaving in its watery grave!

This thrilling and remarkable story will be continued in next week's Ledger, giving the reader chapters filled with dramatic situations of the very highest interest. To every one subscribing for the Ledger we are now sending, entirely without cost, one of our splendid cameras, also any six of our selected and valuable patterns, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen. Look at our advertisement of these splendid premiums and see if you do not wish them.

Mrs. M'Gann.

BY MAX ADELER.

We were sitting upon a four-rail fence in the country, talking about the depression of trade, when a huge buzzard swept past us a little distance above our heads.

"That," said Woodruff, pointing to the bird, "reminds me of Mrs. McGann."

"I don't understand you," I said.

"You didn't know Mrs. McGann?" he asked. "No?" Well, she lived over in our town, and one day her husband, who had an inventive turn, got up what he called 'The McGann Patent Inflated Bustle.'"

"What was it inflated with?"

"Why, you see, it was a large india-rubber bag, and McGann's notion was to fill it with gas, so that it would distend the dress to any desirable extent. So the first one he made he used in an experiment upon Mrs. McGann. She placed it under her dress and stood out in the yard while McGann connected the bustle with the kitchen gas pipe, by means of a flexible tube. For a while it seemed to promise well; but—I don't know how it was, maybe McGann used more gas than he intended—but, however, all of a sudden Mrs. McGann began to float in the air. As she rose a gust of wind struck her, and she had barely time to scream to McGann to put the children to bed, and to instruct the hired girl about mixing the muffins; the next minute she was above the snow-line!"

"Did she come down again?"

"Well, I was going to tell you. You know she floated around in the upper atmosphere for a while, looking at thunderstorms, and the aurora borealis, and the zone belt, and so on, and probably having a pretty high old time, although she was badly scared, and felt the want of her jacket and her eye-glasses. So she drifted about, you understand, being shot at now and then by men who mistook her for a new variety of flamingo or something of that kind. She gradually descended after a while, and she was alarmed, in passing over the town, lest a man who fired at her, under the impression that she was an ostrich, should perforate her bustle, and bring her down in a condition of collapse."

"How did she get down?"

"I'm coming to that. You see, she was being tossed about by the various currents of air, but going rather quietly, when all at once a tornado or something came along and slammed her with frightful force against the Presbyterian Church steeple—"

"The Presbyterian Church?"

"Yes, the Presbyterian steeple. And as she hit it, you know, the point of the weathervane entered the bustle and let all the gas out. So there she hung suspended. When the wind veered, she would swing around first in one direction, and then in another, her parasol pointing east or west, or north or south, just as the breeze happened to blow. It was generally allowed that she made a very handsome weathervane, for she was a good-looking woman; and as for the sexton of the church, he was in favor of leaving her there as an ornament."

"But she got down, of course?"

"I was just going to tell you. She stayed there all night, while McGann rigged up a balloon to go up after her; but the balloon exploded about half-way up, leaving McGann clinging to the tiles of the spire. The impression seemed to be that if the trustees would simply let the McGanns alone the whole family would eventually be found roosting about on that church steeple."

"But how did they get down?"

"Why, I was just going to say that McGann had another bustle at home. So he sent a boy for it, had it inflated, tied a rope to it, and sent it up, so that it drifted over to Mrs. McGann. She inserted it under her dress, and then they hauled in on the rope, and, as she descended, McGann clasped her waist with his arm, and they came down with a rush."

"Was she hurt?"

"No; but McGann was."

"How?"

"Why, as soon as she touched ground she seized his hair, and shook him around so he didn't know whether he was in Arkansas or Peru. Then they went home, and she burned up all the bustles in the house."

"Is that a true story, Woodruff?"

"Sure. Thunder and lightning, man, come around with me, and I'll show you the very steeple she collapsed on!"

But, still, I have my doubts about it.

Even a blind man can find trouble without much difficulty.

THE MISGUIDED WIFE.

BY HENRY PERCIVAL.

Bob Peterson was a fireman, and his expertness in handling horses made him the driver of Engine No. 44. He had a wife and one child, and they were the idols of his heart.

Now we behold him as he comes whistling along the sunlit street. Tall, bulky, proud in his manhood and power, with straight-glancing eyes, square-set shoulders, and the bronze of health upon his regular features, he swung carelessly toward his humble home.

Bob Peterson was chuckling to himself in secret enjoyment of the surprise and pleasure he intended springing on his little wife. In his big right hand he held a small, neat parcel. In the packet was a brooch. The brooch had just been purchased with some of his hard-earned savings. But, arriving at his residence, he went whistling up the stairs, pushed open the door of his sitting-room, and gave a loud "Hello, I've caught you!" then glanced round in surprise, his face lengthening in disappointment.

The room was empty—save for the child in its crib—and the table was not yet laid for tea, though the meal-time was passed by a quarter of an hour.

On the table lay a letter. Bob picked it up. It was addressed to him, and in his wife's handwriting. Some of the light in his eyes, some of the ruddiness in his cheeks died out as he picked up the missive. The fire burned gray, and the room seemed to have a shadow in it.

"Here goes!" laughed Bob, and he tore the envelope open with eager and trembling hands. Then, all the color went out of him, a hump seemed to arise between his shoulders as he bowed his head, and sweat burst out on his forehead, and tears fell from his eyes, as he read:

"Husband, forgive me. For the love of our child, forget me. Cling to the little one, who is pure and innocent, and thrust me from your memory. I can never look you in the face again as a faithful wife. I am unworthy, unworthy. I dare not ask God's blessing, but I hope I dare pray for your forgetfulness and happiness.

"MARY."

The letter shook in Bob's hand and fell to the floor. Something set a light to Bob's heart and touched it in a moment, and then left it cold and crumpled, like ashes.

In a moment he was a terribly transformed man. Mechanically he opened the packet, dropped the brooch, and ground it beneath his heel. He did this without any show of fiery passion. A volley of oaths, a rush of tears, the wild gestures of despair and grief and wrath would have been far less threatening and ominous than this white heat of passion, that yet seemed so cool.

"Who's the man?" muttered Bob, and all the melody and richness had gone out of his tones, leaving them harsh and thick and dry, like the tones of a drunkard on his awakening. "Who's the man? Let me know his name! Point him out to me, God! Let me strangle him, stamp on his face, disfigure him after life is out of him! Tell me his name! Tell me his hiding place!"

Just then the baby cried in his crib, and Bob passed over to him. "Youngster," he said, in a strange, far-away voice, "you and I are a pair of deserted, wronged 'uns. We never did her a harm, we never thought her a harm, you or I. But she's ruined us, disgraced us, you and me! She's got to be punished; he's got to be punished. There are two of us to be avenged; there are two lives to be taken. Just listen to what I swear."

He took the baby from its crib and held it to the window, and toward the sun, whose cold, wintry light was now streaming in upon them. He was so quiet in his actions, so still and collected in every move, that the little one, after a feeble cry, fell once again into slumber, and continued its dreams with a smile upon its lips.

"God!" exclaimed Peterson, looking straight at the sun, as thought he addressed it, "I am an honest man, and this little one in my arms is the offspring of an honest union. Today we are disgraced, and through no fault of our own. The Good Book says, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' So be it. As I hope for salvation, as I hope for my baby's salvation, I swear to kill them both! It will be a just and holy act. If I fail to perform what I have sworn, may my child follow in the footsteps of its mother, and my own limbs find no no other deathbed to lie upon than the pavements of the streets, or the bed of the river. So help me God!"

Then he put the baby back in its crib, and mused silently with his face in his hands. He had pledged himself before God to become a murderer, and, failing his oath, he had called down upon his own and his child's head the most direful consequences.

"A murderer's child!" he gasped hoarsely; "but it is to be, so help me God!"

And as he thought the fire-alarm bell rang out distinct and clear. In a moment he was alert, eager and ready for any contingency. Passing the baby to a kind-hearted neighbor, he quickly hastened to the engine house. The horses were already beside the engine-shaft, and in an instant Bob bounded to the driver's seat.

A few moments later the engine was clattering along the noisy streets, which were thronged with pedestrians.

Bob drove furiously. The pace and panic suited his mood. It made him forget. He shouted louder than any of the pedestrians, becaused his tones dulled and deadened his aching heart. He laughed boisterously when he whipped the wheel off a hansom cab—it was cut off as easily as a slice from a pat of butter—nor did he feel the slightest compunction at the destruction of a fruit-stand, that split up and scattered before his mad rush.

On, on, through the crowd and lights and mass of traffic that squirmed on either side and opened a frightened passage for his foam-flecked team.

On, on, through wide thoroughfares, round sharp corners, jolting over pavement edges, and spattering mud and scattering sparks, and communicating a wild whirl of excitement to everything and every one he passed. A splendid tonic for a dark and brooding mind; swiftness, rattle, roar, excitement and forgetfulness.

And now the flames are in sight. Now the smoke grows stifling. Now the crackle of burning wood and the thunder of falling masonry add to the riot and the uproar. Now the crowd is so thick that it seems impossible to avert a catastrophe in steering through them.

A bump, and then a scream.

The front wheels, passing over something soft, made the engine swerve. Another bump, and then a groan. The back wheels pass over some obstruction, making the engine swerve.

A rush of men and women, a curse or two from the mass, a cry of "Poor devils, they're done for!" and Bob Peterson pulls up his horses in view of the flames.

When the house was a smoking cinder, and no longer formidable, a policeman touched Bob on the shoulder.

"Driver," he said, "come this way. You've done for a man and his wife this night. They're lying dead at the hospital! We must have your name."

Bob remembered the two bumps.

Something—something he could not analyze—set his heart throbbing wildly. He followed the policeman. The hospital was close at hand. He was taken down a long passage, and presently stood in a room cold and comfortless, and pregnant with the undefinable stoniness of death.

Two human beings lay stretched out under the rays of a gaslight. Cloths were over their faces, as Bob Peterson entered the room. The cloths were removed, disclosing the features of a man and a womon, serene of countenance, as is usually the case with those suddenly bereft of life. Each wore a placid expression—save of whiteness—the eyes of both seemed to be looking up at the gas jet.

Bob took one look at the woman—and gasped! He knew her at once!

He looked at the man—and thought an oath. He knew him as an old comrade, whom he had thought a friend.

"It is fate!" he pondered, as he staggered home. "God's finger is in this. God made me do what I'd sworn to do—and there's not a drop of guilty blood on my soul. I shall not be afraid now to meet the little one. I shall not be afraid now to think lovingly and forgivingly of my poor misguided girl, thank God!"

The Juryman's Excuse.

A droll story is told of a juryman who outwitted a judge, and that without telling an untruth. He ran breathlessly into the court:

"O, your honor, if you can excuse me, pray do. I don't know which will die first—my wife or my daughter!"

"Dear me, that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly, you are excused."

The next day the juryman was met by one of his fellow-jurors, who in a sympathetic voice asked:

"How's your wife?"

"She's all right. Why do you ask?"

"And your daughter?"

"She's all right, too. Why do you ask?"

"Why yesterday, you told the judge that you did not know which would die first."

"Nor do I. That is a problem that time alone can solve."

Usually a man who doubts the truthfulness of the Bible has unlimited faith in a patent medicine almanac.

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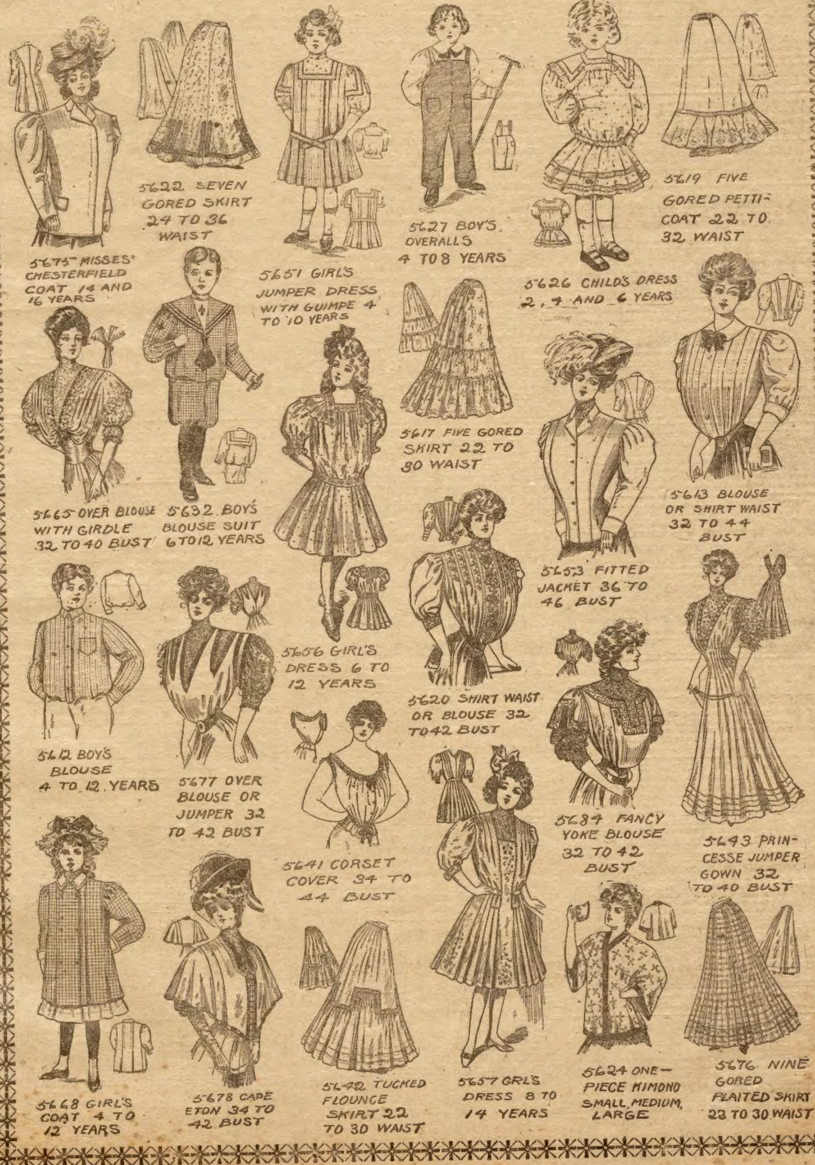
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

In THE KITCHEN.

The kitchen is a lovely place upon a rainy day.
When Dick and I have nowhere we can go to play.
We do the nicest sort of things upon the kitchen stove;
For I am cook, and Dick the one to measure out the clove
And allspice for the cake we make, the flour and sugar, too—
You'd hardly think a boy could find so many things to do
'Bout cooking. My! you ought to see the bicuits that we bake
On top the stove! We mix 'em up as sweet as cake;
For Dick he says a boy can't get at sugar often, so
We put it in so very thick it's hard to stir the dough.
One day we spilled some on the stove, and mamma came to see
What 'twas that smelled so sweet—and what d'you s'pose she said to Dick and me?
I can't remember every word, she said so many—Dick
Is sure of one thing that she said—that sugar'd make us sick.
P'r'aps she was right, for in the night I heard Dick toss about
Upon his bed, and pretty soon I heard mamma come out;
And then I crept close to his door; right on my tiptoe feet;
"O, dear!" moaned Dick, "I wish we hadn't made that bread so sweet!"

Noah's Ark Went to School.

Mamma was sick and Aunt Tina had to stay with her a good deal.

One afternoon, when mamma was feeling worse than usual, Aunt Tina coaxed Arthur, the younger of her two nephews, to take a nap in his crib. She told Clarence to be a good boy, and not get into mischief while she bathed mamma's head.

Clarence was a warm-hearted little fellow, and loved both mamma and Aunt Tina dearly. He readily promised to be the best boy he knew how to be, and ran out in the yard to play.

By and by, when mamma had dropped asleep, Aunt Tina went softly out of the room to see what Clarence was about, for he was full of mischief, and got into a good many scrapes.

His playthings were scattered about the yard—his rocking horse, his kite, his bow and arrows; but no Clarence could she find.

Finally, away down the dusty road, she saw a little red figure plodding along as fast as possible out of sight. Fearful that he would be run over or stray so far he would be lost she hurried after him.

He heard her coming, and, turning his head, covered with yellow curls, saw her so near that he started to run. His chubby feet and short legs were not equal to the long wayside grass and tall daisies, and he somehow got all tangled up in them.

When Aunt Tina reached his side he was sitting half-buried in the grass and daisies and clover. His blue eyes were drowned in tears as he rubbed them with his fat, dirty little fists. When she picked him up in her arms to soothe him he sobbed out all his grief on her shoulder.

"Dear Aunt Tina, see!" pointing to a huge basket he had lugged with him, crammed full of the animals from his Noah's ark. They were now scattered in great disorder through the grass.

"I was a-takin' Mr. Noah and his family to school, so they could learn to spell and read like other boys, and not have to always keep still. And now—and now they's all losted or broke, and I'll never find 'em, and——"

His grief was too deep for words. But after a while Aunt Tina comforted him and helped him to find all the men and animals. Hand in hand they trudged back home to tell mamma how he tried to take Noah and his family to school and couldn't.

A Girl Poet.

A schoolgirl in Germany 14 years old, didn't like her teacher, who was a man, and after she had been punished for not having her lessons she wrote and pinned upon the schoolhouse door the following verse:

"His head is bald, his feet are big,
He has a wooden leg;
And every day he drinks of beer
More than would fill a keg."

As soon as the teacher saw the verse he took it to the police and had the girl arrested, and she was brought to trial and fined $5 and sent to jail for two days.

A FISH STORY.

This is a most pa-thetic tale
Of a boy who was slow as a snail,
One day he did wish
He was some sort of fish,
And straightway he turned into a whale.
But the ocean was cold, as he found,
So he swam about on the dry ground,
But the dust in his eye
Made him sudden-ly cry,
"A home I must find in the sound!"
So wriggled he on toward the bay,
Where he went and decid-ed to stay
'Way from work and from school,
To be a whale-fool,
And they say he is there to this day.

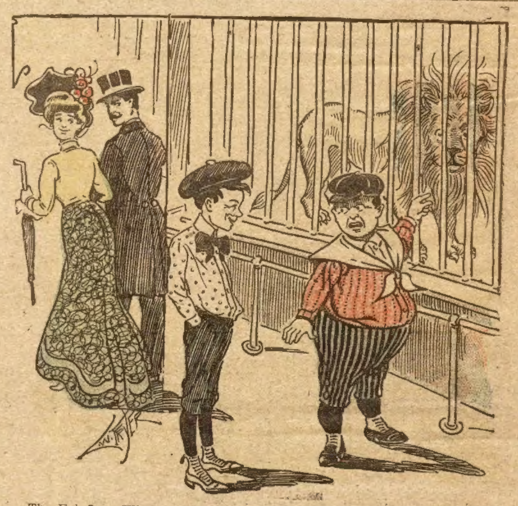
Nellie Grant at School.

When President Grant's only daughter, Nellie, afterward Mrs. Sartoris, was a miss of 12 years she attended a private school in Washington. One afternoon, says the author of "The Olivia Letters," Nellie's lessons were not learned. The carriage came for her, but the teacher dismissed it with the request that it should return at the end of a half-hour.

The half-hour came and glided away with the lesson still unlearned. The carriage came again, and was dismissed. At the end of the second half-hour the lesson was committed, and Miss Nellie was permitted to go.

The next day at the usual hour the young lady arrived, accompanied by her mother. The teacher began to fear she had lost her most cherished pupil, but Mrs. Grant came to thank her for performing her duty.

"Teach her," said Mrs. Grant, "that she is only plain, simple Nellie Grant, subject to the same rules which govern all the scholars. This course will have my sincere approbation."



The Fat One—What would you do, Billy, if that lion was to break loose?
The Lean One—I'd get behind you. He wouldn't grab at a bone when he could get meat!

Mottoes of Great Men.

Here are the mottoes of some of the world's great men:

"One thing at a time, and that done well," was a guiding rule of Gladstone's.

"What has been done can be done again," Lord Beaconsfield believed and practiced.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," inspired Emerson, as, in turn, it has inspired and encouraged many others.

"Be cautious, but bold," the great Rothschild claimed as his chosen business maxim.

Charles Kingsley used to say: "When I am engaged on any piece of work I go at it as if, for the time being, there was nothing else in the world worth doing."

The motto of Robert Louis Stevenson was, "To be honest, to be kind, to be cheerful, to earn a little and spend a little less."

But, perhaps, the best motto ever adopted by any great man was John Wesley's: "The best of all is, God is with us."

Jumblejingles.

Why do the hind legs of an elephant bend forward?

Because its weight being so great, when it lay down it would rise with great difficulty were its legs bent outward like those of other animals. Being bent under the body their power of pushing directly upward when the powerful muscles are exerted is greatly increased.

The Mother—Willie, you're a good little boy. I left my purse on the bureau and you didn't take a cent out of it.

Willie—No, mother. Papa says it's wrong to take anything when you're sure to get caught.

The first time my little brother saw a bald-headed person he called out:

"Oh, look, he has got another face on the top of his head."

Playing Possum.

The possum, as we all know, fools its enemies by playing dead when it cannot get away. In Wisconsin, a few days ago, a boy who had captured one and hung it up by the tail, determined to see how long the animal could keep up his trick. He arranged with other boys to take turns watching and for forty hours the possum was under watchful eyes. All this long time he seemed to be lifeless, but he was only fooling. When he saw that the boys were too vigilant for him he suddenly uncurled his tail, dropped to the ground and was off so fast that he could not be overtaken. It was calculated that he lost four pounds of fat during his long fast.

CONFIDENCE.

A six-year-old young lady
Stood near the music stand
In Lincoln park one Sunday
With candy in her hand.

She looked around bewildered,
As if she were afraid;
Then to a park policeman
The little maiden said:

"Do you like candy, mister?"
"No, not a bit," said he.
"Well, then," she cried, "I'll trust you
To carry mine for me!

Copied Royalty.

At a certain public function in England some years ago the late Queen was present and inscribed her name in a big book in honor of the event. Her majesty, of course, simply wrote "Victoria," and was followed by her daughter, who inscribed her name "Beatrice." The next lady to sign the book was the wife of the mayor, and noticing the two signatures preceding, she calmly wrote her name, "Emma."

The Stars.

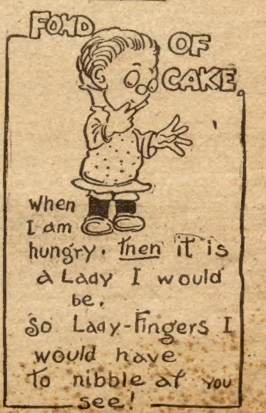
Toddletums—Mamma, what are angels?

Mother—They are the armies of the Lord, my child.

Toddletums (after thinking deeply)—Then the stars must be their camp-fires at night.

Mamma—I told you, if you wanted your egg to be soft, that you shouldn't let it stay in the boiling water longer than two minutes. Why don't you take it out?

Katie—'Cause I've got two eggs in, and won't it take just twice as long?


FOND OF CAKE
When I am hungry, then it is a Lady I would be.
So Lady-Fingers I would have to nibble at you see!